

The

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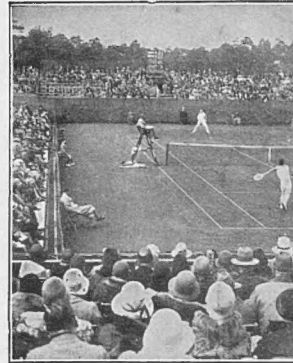
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"ENGLAND YET SHALL STAND!"

THE RIGHT HON. PHILIP SNOWDEN, WHO STRUCK THE SHREWDEST BLOWS FOR THE CAUSE

The National Government had no doughtier fighter for its cause than Mr. Philip Snowden, and it would demand the art of a Macaulay to do real justice to the gallant three who have stood side by side to keep the bridge. Mr. Snowden has ever been renowned for his capacity to hit hard and hit often, but in this great fight he has excelled even his own best. His arm was strengthened by the knowledge that thrice blessed is he who has his quarrel just!



AT BROOKLANDS: LADY ALINGTON AND LADY CASTLEROSSE

At a recent race-meeting at the motorists' Newmarket. Lady Alington was formerly Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, and is Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's eldest daughter and married Lord Alington in 1928. Lady Castlerosse's famous husband is one of our busiest journalists and a director of three papers of light and leading. Lord Castlerosse is Lord Kenmare's son and heir

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

WELL, well. By the time you get this we shall know, more or less, who are among the elect. Apparently sound never dies, but it's to be hoped that tuning in to past events doesn't, in our lifetime, become "as easy as B.B.C.," as Berry says in his new play. I don't think I could *bear* a repetition of the mass of verbiage—some of it such red-hot air, my dear—which has been let loose during the last two weeks. It had to be, of course, but do let's have deeds, not words, now for a change.

I must say the amateur speakers, in many cases, came through with flying colours, and Sir Stephen Bull will find himself in Parliament before long if he's not careful. Hammersmith got the benefit of him, and as Miss Mary Pickford (the late Lord Sterndale's daughter, in case you are misled) was standing for one division there, and Dr. Douglas Cooke for the other, "Vote for Doug. and Mary" was almost inevitable.

Mr. "Dolly" Tilney, looking more like Jack Buchanan than ever, produced a fine flow of language on Lord Borodale's behalf at Peckham.



AT THE HERTFORDSHIRE HUNTER TRIALS

Mrs. J. Harrison and Miss Harrison and Colonel Part, who is now Joint Master of the Hertfordshire (North) with Mr. W. H. Cooper (South). Colonel Part sold his pack of harriers to America and will hunt the Northern Hertfordshire pack himself

The Letters of Eve



Pool, Dublin

AT THE CURRAGH: LADY MILBANKE AND LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE

A snapshot between races on Irish Cambridgeshire day when Mr. G. F. Gillespie's filly, Rada, won it at 100 to 6. Lady Milbanke, who was formerly Lady Loughborough, widow of the late Lord Loughborough, married Sir John Milbanke in 1928. Lady Doughty-Tichborne is the widow of the late Sir Joseph Doughty-Tichborne

Giving tongue with apparent satisfaction to his listeners in North Paddington was Lord Munster. When acting as chairman of a meeting in support of Mr. Bracken he seemed to have great control of the situation in spite of his very youthful appearance.

* * *
In the country the air was also filled with sound. Sir Victor and Lady Warrender worked hard in his Lincolnshire division, and not far off Mr. Lindsay Everard had his Leicester seat to see to. He is a most convincing speaker and up to date in every way, for has he not Miss Winifred Spooner for his private pilot? He it was who, in the interests of cross-country aviation, suggested that the names of towns should be painted on the tops of any gasometer in their midst. The obvious advantage of this almost amounts to genius but is, of course, too simple to be generally adopted. We are stupid sometimes.

Lady Blandford made her maiden speech on Mr. Everard's behalf. She said she was dreadfully nervous but determined to do her bit. The audience did likewise, but must have enjoyed looking at her even if what she had to say didn't amount to oratory.

Pre-election activities were remarkable for the great zeal shown by women and quite young girls. The serious way in which they applied themselves to various jobs was specially evident in the Ladies' Carlton Club and the International Sportsmen's Club in Upper Grosvenor Street. Mrs. Vesey Holt is a tremendous worker in all matters of social importance — not Society, a very different thing. Mrs. Andrew Kerr threw her heart into the business, too. She is a sister of Captain Howard Kerr, married a cousin, and is the owner of Melbourne, a lovely place in Derbyshire. Mrs. Talbot Baines' dark eyes and good looks cannot fail to have canvassed well for her side.

* Sunday evening parties are rare, and for this reason rather acceptable, but the one given by Miss Mala Brand would have been good value even on a weekday. It occurred in her attractive house, Old Brook Lodge, off Upper Brook Street, and was quite informal. Practically no one except John Macklin, who sang, had changed. I've already told you about this excellent acquisition to the night-club world. That night he produced some new songs which have not yet reached the public ear, and was altogether most diverting.

Always full of brand-new ideas, our hostess caught us out with some trick tumblers, guaranteed to defeat the steadiest hand. You'd have been surprised to see what a lager could do to a guest under these conditions. Perhaps this form of fun was a bit more amusing for the onlookers than for the unsuspecting victims.

Lady Adare had come straight from a golfing week-end at Ascot. Lord Donegall and Mrs. Stewart-Browne arrived with a lovely Viennese girl in tow, whose name defeated me. Mr. Bertie Meyer and Captain Bunny Tattersall were later than most, having been to the Arts Theatre Club first. Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger got the prize for looks, and played to us a lot. Lovely! She's very busy making gramophone records, and "You'll be Sorry," which she has composed, is bound to be a "wow."

* * *
A afraid you'll have to wait till next week for my details of Saturday's wedding doings at Balcombe. I hear glowing

accounts from Leicestershire of Lady May's popularity down there. She and Captain Abel Smith have been out cubbing with the Quorn a tremendous lot, and she has also ridden round to make friends with some of the farmers, who are delighted with her. One of them is a particularly proud man, for he has a record on his ciné camera of Lady May's call.

It will be splendid if Captain Abel Smith and his wife are able to hunt fairly regularly from Beaumanor, which Mrs. Abel Smith has rented from Mr. William Curzon-Herrick, but I suppose Colonel Dennis Boles has the last word in the matter.

* * *
The first Sargent-Courtauld concert of the season was not as well attended as usual. Scarcely surprising, considering all the political ploys on hand; all the same, the Sibelius-Dvorak-Strauss programme went with a swing, and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Courtauld, the instigators, both looked the picture of health after their holiday spent camping in the Rockies.

Mrs. Kinnell, who is extremely musical, sandwiches in as many concerts as possible between

endless hospital committees and other charitable works. She was there in black and a bright pink coat. Her long earrings had a black pearl at the end of one and a white one to conclude the other. Being very rich, she is able to do these odd things.

Mr. Tom Goff, one of our more brilliant young musical barristers, was with his aunt, Lady Nina Willoughby. Mr. Edward Knoblock listened alone; Lord Ennismore, Miss Ethel Sands, the artist, and Sir Arthur and Lady Colefax were also enjoying Dr. Malcolm Sargent's conducting.

* * *
Nothing very startling to hand from Ireland. Cubbing has been the main occupation and, till hunting starts in earnest, gossip does not have a fair chance, according to my correspondent.

The country houses are filling up, but it seems that certain hostesses have been lying low until the Public Safety Bill was through the Senate. This, I understand, was largely owing to the fact that any really important guest, such as Senator Sir John Keane, had to arrive with his "followers" (a case of love me, love my detectives!), and these don't always go down awfully well in the servants' hall.

The Fingalls are back at Killeen. She is voted a great acquisition, and as they have put in electric light and central heating it looks as if they meant to entertain a bit. Then, the Berridges have taken Ardmulchan, and both girls

(Continued overleaf)
c 2



CAPTAIN HENRY AND LADY MAY ABEL SMITH

Hay Wrightson

This is the latest studio portrait taken just before the wedding at the village church of Balcombe, Sussex, last Saturday. Captain Henry and Lady May Abel Smith are spending the first part of the honeymoon in Norfolk and afterwards go over to Ireland. Captain Henry Abel Smith, whose country house is Beaumanor, Loughborough, Leicestershire, is a kinsman of the Duke of Somerset through his mother, who was Miss Madeleine St. Maur Seymour. The family is also connected with that of Strathmore, as the Duchess of York's grandmother (Lady Strathmore) was a Miss Oswald Smith



LADY SCONE AND THE MASTER OF SCONE

Munn

A charming picture taken at Baloughty, Old Scone, Perthshire, which is one of Lord Scone's houses. He is Lord Mansfield's only son, and the little Master of Scone was born only last year. Lady Scone is the daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Lancelot and Lady Carnegie

The Letters of Eve—cont.

are going to hunt. In this connection rumour is rife that some of the most admired examples of the side-saddle method are intending to ride astride this season. Unless they have got a good grip of the new situation, "grief" in more senses than one is likely, particularly for the chivalrous young men who will have to be more so. And as to a certain gay colonel, whose manners to the fair are beyond reproach, what a busy time is in store for him!

Lord and Lady Dunsany have got their son home again after his three years in India, and he has been hard at work collecting some horses. By the way, I came across Lord Dunsany's "Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens" the other day; not new, my dear, but quite superb.

And talking of scribes, did you know that Francis Brett Young's first publication was neither fiction nor verse, but a book of songs? I hear that some of his music was sung last Sunday in Birmingham by Sophie Wyss, with the City Orchestra in support, and everyone thought this was a first-rate notion, for Birmingham is the capital of the district that Mr. Brett Young has put on the literary map, and his new novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington," came out the very next day.

What a pity the great man couldn't be there himself; but he hasn't yet got the better of a bad motor smash he had in the Lake District.

Ill fortune of this nature seems to run in that family, for his nephew, Pat Brett, a very good cricketer indeed, would have been captain of Oxford but for a severe collision on the road last summer.

I seem to have strayed away from Ireland, and there are a few bits about Baldoyle races waiting to be passed on. Quite an inspiring day, apparently, largely owing to the really marvellous sunshine which quickly sent fur coats into retirement. Lady Milbanke, just back from Paris and looking lovely, soon got rid of hers, and Lady Tichborne, also very decorative, found she had guessed wrong too.

Miss Molly Morrough Ryan was much missed, and enquiry revealed that she had left for London to make her fortune.



THE MIXED CHAMPIONSHIPS AT QUEEN'S CLUB

Mr. E. R. Avory and Mrs. Strawson who beat Mrs. Lyon and His Honour Judge Hargreaves in the Mixed Doubles at the Covered Courts championships at Queen's. Judge Hargreaves is the Chairman of Queen's Club Lawn Tennis Committee and a good golfer and musician as well as being a good tennis player

Stuart

This is hardly encouraging for the people over here who are seriously contemplating going to Ireland to save theirs! However, Miss Morrough Ryan would certainly be an asset to any business undertaking.

Mrs. Stephen Gaisford St. Lawrence, a visitor and very welcome, wore green tweed and sables with satisfactory results. Lady Dorothea Moore had lots of first-hand Venetian news to impart to her friends, and there was quite a festive air about the More-O'Ferrall party, owing to the fact that Mrs. More-O'Ferrall is now quite well again. She held a regular levée on top of the stand, and looked so nice in her squirrel coat and a blue hat.

I don't believe I ever quite realized the meaning of home industry till I went to look at the Contemporary Needlecraft now being shown at 16, Bruton Street. I wonder how many million stitches have gone to the making of those lovely things? Enough, one would imagine, to have kept an army of flashing needles busy for life

Some of the sporting subjects are splendid, notably a representation of racing in our grandfathers' days done by an old lady of eighty, and a shooting party of much the same period worked in silk by Mrs. Fletcher of Dunans. The inscription, "As I can, not as I would," which headed a Derbyshire contribution, struck me as being unnecessarily modest, for Mrs. Milner's screen in petit point was quite beautiful: perhaps it turned out better than she expected.

I could visualize the ample form of one of those fine old four-bottle men one reads about comfortably ensconced in the gros point armchair sent by Lord Huntingfield, and the Dowager Lady Lifford's heavy silk needlework panel had the most gorgeous colours. These rare and refreshing fruits of other people's labours certainly merit a visit, and anyone who goes to see them will be doing the National Council of Girls' Clubs a good turn.

May I also commend to you the Christmas Market which the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor is holding at the Albert Hall on November 24 and 25? There are to be over seventy stalls, and several satisfactory surprises are in store for supporters.—Ever, EVE.



ROSEMARY TURNOR

Dorothy Wilding

A fascinating picture of a lady who is seven years old and the daughter of Captain H. B. and Lady Enid Turnor, who is a sister of Lord Westmorland. Captain Herbert Turnor was the No. 2 of that famous 17th Lancer polo team which since 1913 has set up a record in Inter-Regimental polo. Nowadays he hunts with the Belvoir

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



"NEDDY" WOULD A HUNTIN' GO! LITTLE ANN RICHARDSON'S "STEED" LEPS A BOGGY PLACE



LADY JOAN VILLIERS ON TRAFALGAR DAY



"MAX'S" SISTER, MRS. D. M. RAMSAY AT NORTH BERWICK



IN SCOTLAND: LADY PATRICIA MOORE AND FOUR FRIENDS



AT AYTON CASTLE: LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRAINGER AND HER SON

The enterprising roadster of the breed favoured by the Prophet Balaam did the vaulting ambition act seen in the picture at a meet of the East Sussex at Hurstmonceaux. His owner, little Miss Ann Richardson, probably was wise to have him led over a boggy place like that. Lady Joan Villiers, who is the elder of Lord Jersey's two sisters, did great business on Trafalgar Day selling flags in Trafalgar Square. "Max" is the name by which some people know that stalwart Empire Crusader, Lord Beaverbrook, and the snap of his sister, Mrs. D. M. Ramsay, was taken on North Berwick's famous links. Lady Patricia Moore is Lord Drogheda's daughter and was born in 1912. Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger is the Earl and Countess of Lindsey's only daughter, and married Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger in 1922; their little son is David Ian, and the picture was taken quite recently at Ayton Castle, Berwick



NEIL HAMILTON AND JOAN CRAWFORD

In "This Modern Age," presented at the Empire on October 23, in succession to "The White Man." This photograph suggests that clever and charming Miss Crawford, who used to have auburn hair, has "gone platinum." Mr. Hamilton was born in Massachusetts and originally contemplated going into the Church, but took up stage and screen work instead.

I AM cross. I am cross with the management of the Academy Picture House and with Mr. Edgar Wallace, though in the second case I suppose that technically my displeasure should be directed against the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Ltd. My annoyance on the first count is political, while on the second count the grounds are politic. The management of the Academy has received nothing in these columns except undiluted praise. It has produced extraordinary pictures—pictures of much taste and exquisiteness, pictures which could not be seen anywhere else, and it has not been abashed or frightened at the fact that such films have been of Russian origin and of Soviet tendency. Tackled on this last point, I imagine that the management of this house would have pleaded that its intention was to produce the best films independent of their political colour, and that any equally good film of the most marked individualistic and capitalistic tendency would have been produced as cheerfully and as eagerly. I imagine that the management of this delightful little house would have completely scouted the notion that it was acting in the interests of Soviet or any propaganda other than æsthetic. But there is a time when political discretion is the better part of æsthetic valour, and I submit with all the violence of which a moderate man may be capable, that in presenting *The Blue Express* this theatre has exceeded its æsthetic privileges. For the film is a lie both in what it does not state and in what it implies; and to produce lies without the opportunity for refutation at a time of popular excitement when all statements, pictorial or otherwise, should be subject to more than usually rigorous examination, is a regrettable proceeding. The main incident in *The Blue Express* is the rape, followed by the death, of a Chinese girl of tender years. This child has been bought and is being sold into what would appear to be conditions of slavery in the cotton industry, and on the train which conveys her into slavery are her two brothers, who are both victims of economic conditions. The child is assaulted by one of two soldiers who make part of the guard of a high white and alien official called the President. The girl's assailant is killed by one of the brothers, and the President is informed by the girl's proprietor that a white man has been murdered by a Chink. The

The Cinema

Two Rebukes

By JAMES AGATE

President then says that justice will be done, the implication being that the Chink, when identified, will have his head cut off. This is where this picture lies. There is no President or high authority of any white race who would punish a Chinaman for having instantly avenged his sister's death. Any white man would, in the circumstances, have explained to the Chinese on the train that the Chinaman had but forestalled white justice, in support of which he would have administered to the soldier's confederate instant, condign, and visible punishment. The supposition that the President means to support the criminal white as against the martyred yellow is made the start for the most unblushing piece of Soviet propaganda ever seen in a British theatre. I am not, and obviously cannot be, concerned in these columns with whether Soviet rule is good or bad. But I am entitled to say, and do say, that a work of art which is based upon a lie is a bad work of art and that its production at this particular time is uncalled for and reprehensible. Incidentally could not the Gaumont people have had more sense than show the opening of the Law Courts and the procession of Judges to a caption which ran: "A Trying Time Before the Hard-Labour Classes"? I can conceive nothing more senseless than to choose this moment for identifying Socialists and criminals even in joke. This item of the news-budget was received with open flaunts and jeers.

My cause of quarrel with Mr. Wallace, whom I at once acquit of any kind of responsibility, is that on the occasion of his new film, *The Calendar*, he did not protect the hard-working band of critics from the unwarrantable assault of the Gaumont Company upon critical tolerance and forbearance. But let me speak for myself. I was bidden with much ceremony to be at the Capitol at 8.30, at which hour it was implied that the film of *The Calendar* would begin. Making allowance for some sort of prelude I arrived at 8.45 and found an excessively dismal slap-stick comedy in full swing. Then came a Mickey Mouse cartoon, after which we had to listen to an oration by a Zulu tipster. Even then the film did not begin, for the tipster was succeeded by a singer who warbled at great length, who in turn was succeeded by a jazz-band performing "Good-night, Sweet-heart," which again gave way to the singer. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself from rising in my seat and bidding everybody concerned cut the cackle and come to the 'osses. Finally, and at 9.50, the film started to which I had been bidden one hour and twenty minutes previously. I say nothing about the people who had paid for admission, but I do say that as a matter of courtesy to an enormously over-worked body there should have been some intimation of the actual time of performance of the one thing in which, to anybody outside Bedlam, it was conceivable that they could be interested.

The evening thus satisfactorily ruined, and every critic in the house being in a state of violent exasperation, it is an immense tribute to our honesty and fair-mindedness that we as a body, or any of us singly, should say what a really excellent film has been made out of this always amusing play. It has even been the occasion for an illuminating observation by one of my colleagues, who has remarked that the people in the cinema's cheapest seats are the keenest upon the actuality or nearness to life of a picture. Falsifications are to them falsifications. They know that life is not like that and they resent it, while the people in the expensive seats also recognize the falsity, and being able to get the truth in other media find the falsity "amusing." There may be something in this. I confess that I have never regarded *The Calendar* as material for a social history of our epoch. I certainly do not believe in this film's magnanimous crook, in its ex-burglar turned confidential valet, in its odious and snake-like villainess, or its quixotic epigrammatic bookies. But I do very firmly believe in the entertainment afforded by Mr. Herbert Marshall's masculine whimsey, Mr. Gordon Harker's Sam Weller *à la mode*, Miss Anne Grey's diabolism, and Mr. Alfred Drayton's pate and patter. In other words, I enjoyed the last sixty minutes of the evening as much as I despised and was bored by the first ninety. And I should have enjoyed them still more if the management had put me in the mood for enjoyment, and so that the first quarter-of-an-hour of the film was not spent in getting back to good temper.

"THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET"



Sasha

A PERFECTLY ACTED PLAY: DWIGHT HOUSTON (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL) AND LEONORA (MISS EDNA BEST)

Miss Edna Best and Mr. Herbert Marshall have taken us all quite off our feet by their perfect acting in this quite charming little play of Mr. John Van Druten's at the Apollo. It is the simplest of stories with a climax which says, "and so they lived happily ever afterwards," but it is the telling of it by these two master craftsmen of their profession which counts. They fall in love in the first act; in the second he says "Marry me and come to America"—she won't; in the third he goes but is conveniently called back on business before he has got farther than Cherbourg. Back he comes—and he asks her again—and she says "I will!" The picture, of course, is of the third act. This play will be fully reviewed and dealt with in caricature in our next issue



"GOOD LUCK, JIMMY!": THE PREMIER AND MR. AND MRS. J. H. THOMAS AT DERBY

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (*avec sprig of heather*) wishing Mr. Jim Thomas luck in his fine battle for his seat at Derby

Parties and Politics

By PETER PINDAR

IN those dear old far-off early-Victorian times (if I may take the reader back so far) the country was happily divided between two parties which, time out of mind, had been either in or out, like the two little figures in a toy barometer, according as the weather was fair or stormy. In danger the

nation usually called for the Tories; in times of peace the Whigs were preferred; but whatever the issue these two parties were the only alternatives. Democracy is said to be so stupid a monster that it can only count up to two; certain it is that the two-party system worked very well. There was a good deal of sham fighting; even when the buttons were off the foils nothing very dreadful was likely to happen; there was always the House of Lords in reserve to correct the indiscretions of the House of Commons.

This pleasant system lasted until 1874, when a third party came into politics. In that year there were 58 Irish Nationalists; by 1885 there were 85, and so on until 1918 they were supplanted by the Sinn Feiners. This Irish third party confused and sometimes dislocated British politics in the House of Commons, but it did not much disturb the easy calculations of the British elector, who had still the old choice between his two old parties. In 1906, however, there came a new complication in the shape of a Labour Party, which for the first time gave the English voter cause to scratch his head over his more complicated decision. Moreover, the new man claimed to represent less a constituency than a class. The fight was to be no longer between Whig and Tory or between town and country, or between a Cecil and a Russell or a Cavendish; but between one class and another, between Labour and Capital, between those who have and those who have not.

The change came slowly. In 1906 there were 54 members of this new Labour Party; in 1910 it had fallen to 40, and the old parties determined to go along with their quarrels as if nothing had happened. Then came what we may call the Great Fright, which shook all the parties up into new combinations, bringing men together as a herd is brought together by a thunderstorm. In 1918 there was still the enormous coalition of 483, but the parties were eager to get into their old camps again, and with the Irish and the Socialists it looked like an unworkable system of four parties. By creating the Irish Free State in 1922 the Liberals and Conservatives, acting together for the last time, got rid of one party, but the transaction led to a revolt. The Unionists broke away, the Liberals were left in two halves, and in 1922 the Socialists came back 142 strong.

By 1923 the three-party system was an established fact; there were 258 Unionists, 152 Liberals, and 191 Socialists. The Liberals put the Socialists in power and the arrangement was so unpopular that it led to the great Conservative victory of 1924, which almost wiped the Liberals out but left the Socialists with a solid party of 151. It looked as if the English people were determined to get back to the old two-party system, which they liked and which they could understand.

The Conservatives, in order to win over what remained of the Liberals, followed a Liberal policy (with a dash of Socialism), which succeeded so ill that in 1929 the Socialists came back with the largest party in the house—289, against 260

Conservatives and 58 Liberals. Thus the old feud between Whig Guelph and Tory Gh'belline ended in victory for the Socialist invader.

Of these 289 Socialists no less than 118 were returned by minorities in three-cornered contests. If there had been only two parties, Socialist and anti-Socialist, the latter would have been in a majority of about 270. Obviously, then, if the Socialists were to be beaten the two old parties had to come together.

We have seen what the Great Fright did in 1914. There has been another Great Fright in 1931, with a somewhat similar result. When Parliament met at the beginning of September, it was as if the House were shown in a mirror. The parties had turned over from one side to the other; what had been left was right, what had been right was left. But there was another change; there were no longer three parties, there were only two. So at least for the moment it seemed. The most amazing sight of that amazing Parliament was when Mr. Snowden had finished his Budget Speech. It was a Budget which took the very skins off the tax-payer; a year before it would have roused almost a riot on the Conservative benches, yet when it was over that party stood on its toes and cheered. Only Colonel Gretton sat still, leaning upon his stick, amid the cheering throng. The Liberals also cheered, and the cheering signified that the "bourgeoisie" stood together.

So it seemed; but there was an old man imprisoned in a sick room at Churt who did not at all like the reunion. No doubt his mind went back to a certain famous meeting of the Carlton Club years' before when the old War coalition had been dissolved. It is said that hatred is the passion which lives longest in the heart of man; it is certain that from that day to this Mr. Lloyd George has whetted the knife for the Conservative party, and in particular for Mr. Baldwin. To that end he had put in the Socialists twice; to that end he had even worked for a Socialist-Liberal coalition. He may have hoped to lead the Socialists as he had led the Conservatives during and after the War. In any case he loved a position in which, with his little party of 58, he could balance politics, keep the Socialists in and keep the Conservatives out. And now, when he was out of the way, that this new combination should be brought about—no matter what the danger—it was intolerable!

A formidable old man! We can imagine him, with his party chest under his bed, cursing a party that would no longer obey orders, beseeching an inscrutable lieutenant to remain faithful, and when the fight was joined, snatching the clinical thermometer from his mouth to shout words of dissension into the microphone. Here is the personal factor, the incalculable heart of man, which will always disturb political combinations and upset political calculations. How far have the Liberals followed the advice which came from Churt? Upon that the results of the most perilous elections ever fought in England depend.

We have seen that there is an instinct in the Englishman which always draws him back to his old two-party system. There is besides the instinct of all who feel threatened to draw together for their common defence. There are, over and above, powerful Liberals like Sir John Simon and Mr. Walter Runciman, with no love for the Welsh chief, and with a wholesome fear of the Socialist wreckers. In 1929 there were 5,300,000 Liberal electors. Which of these two leads will they follow? Time will tell, but so far it looks as if the instinct of preservation would prevail. In 1929 there were 444 three-cornered contests, and 26 four-cornered contests. In these present elections there have been only between 90 and 100 three-cornered contests, and about a dozen four-cornered contests, so that we have had over 400 straight fights. If the voting corresponds with these indications the result may be deduced.

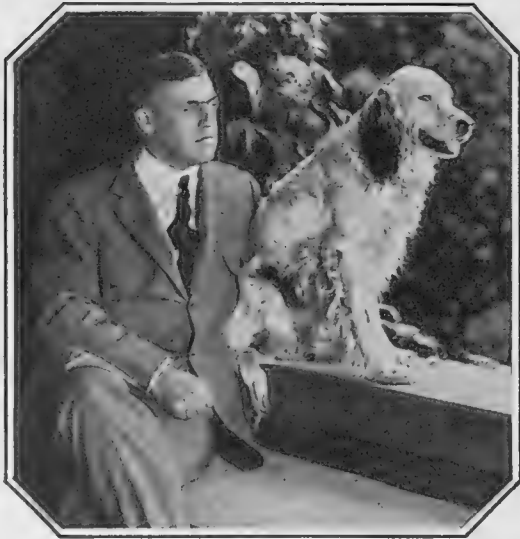
There are other factors. There is a despair which has bid farewell to reason and embraces mutiny. There is the grinding depression which has led to dark, unreasoning hate. There is the appeal to the fear of some millions who are just upon this side of want. There is the incitement to the plunder of the banks. How far these passions will operate, under the influence of a powerful and able organization, it is beyond at least my power of political vision to foretell. But whatever the result, it looks as if we might get out of these elections a return to the two-party system—but with a difference.

THE PETROLEUM TECHNOLOGISTS' DINNER



AMONGST THOSE WE NOTICED—BY FRED MAY

This little gallery of "portraits" was collected at the Connaught Rooms at the thirteenth annual dinner of the Institution of Petroleum Technologists, which translated into English means everyone who knows all about the "gas" which supplies the modern movie power. Thirteen is generally supposed to be an unlucky number, but it did not pan out that way this time, as the dinner was a very cheery one and nothing untoward happened. Mr. James Kewley, M.A., is President of the Society; but the toast of "The Users of Petroleum" was proposed by Sir John Cadman, who knows more about petroleum than most, and is, amongst other things, Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and a Past President of the Institute of Petroleum Technology. Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Skelton, who replied to the toast, has been Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet since 1928, and was at the scrap at Jutland and many others during the War and after it for a bit in H.M.S. "Q.E."



MR. REX BEACH

The well-known American author, whose latest book, "Money Mad," has been published quite recently by Messrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Rex Beach is a past President of the Authors' League of America, and his first book, "Partners," was published in 1905. He has also written two plays (in collaboration), "Going Some" and "The Spoilers."

which Russia is undergoing prove eventually a human blessing in disguise? Nobody can prophesy. Merely to mention Russia in these days is to come up against either blind prejudice or blind fanaticism, and you can rarely get at anything approaching the truth that way. People tell you one thing; people tell you another. I always take with a grain of salt the kind of picture which the strictly conducted tourist to Russia brings home with him. He only sees what the Russian Government wants him to see. On the other hand, the present social upheaval could not have endured so long unless there were some vital ideal behind it. Moreover, the force is apparently developing, rather than remaining static. Always a sign of health. At the end of the Five Years Plan Russia will almost certainly be in such a position that Western Europe will be seriously menaced morally, socially, politically, and financially. Even at the present time her dumped goods are putting the British grower out of business. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton in her book, "My Russian Adventure" (Harrap. 8s. 6d.), writes: "Once the Five Years Plan is accomplished Russia, with her unparalleled resources of natural wealth, her teeming millions of population, her up-to-date equipment and machinery, will have economic Europe by the tail. She has only to reorganize her railways, reform her interior means of transport and distribution, to be the most formidable competitor the commercial world has known." And there is more to it than that. For with Russia rich and successful there will spread across the world the social revolutionary movement for which Russia stands. Therein lies the danger—or the blessing? One cannot determine which. Sometimes I think, personally, that Russia, in violently discarding the Christian morality upon which the present world has been brought up, will paradoxically achieve, nevertheless, that Christian ideal in which so far Christianity has failed so tragically. Briefly, by denying Christ, she will nevertheless fulfil something for which Christ stood—not as a God, but as a philosophy. Soviet methods, like the methods of Labour, are wrong, but undoubtedly behind those methods there does stand an ideal. And above and beyond all else the world is crying out for an inspiration. It is, of course, too soon yet to judge results. Out of the recent horror may yet come the emancipation of humanity from the load of its economic burdens, leading us towards that happiness which is the freedom to enjoy by all that beauty and that joy which was surely meant for all. And where Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's book is infinitely more interesting and more valuable than 99 per cent. of the books written around Russia as she is to-day, is the fact that she deliberately refused to follow the beaten tourist track. She wanted to see things for herself. Not in Leningrad or Moscow or any other of those large towns in which every modern civilization puts its "show window," but in the small country places, and especially the villages of White Russia. It was certainly a journey which promised danger, but, undaunted by the warnings of her friends and those in the know, she and a woman companion set out to see Russia for them-

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Menace or Blessing?

Abuse or blessing, as you will, but undoubtedly Russia at the present time provides the most interesting spectacle in the whole world. What is happening there? Nobody quite knows. Is Russia a menace, or will the social metamorphosis

selves. Neither of them knew a word of Russian, neither of them held letters of introduction to anyone of importance. One marvels at their pluck, but one would not envy them the risk they ran at first thought. Yet they returned unmolested. They were neither arrested nor were they insulted. Somehow or other, in spite of extraordinary difficulty, they found their way to Minsk, and on to Kiev, and from these centres explored alone anything in the neighbourhood which promised interest. The net result of their experiences is extremely valuable. On the one hand hopelessness, poverty, a kind of slough of despond (the middle-aged and elderly world), and on the other, immense enthusiasm, hard work, eagerness, hope, progress—the world of the young people. As violent a contrast as heaven and hell. The picture she gives of the communal farm of Sparta is, however, as much like heaven-on-earth as human society is ever likely to know. Contrawise, the poverty of the smaller towns is harrowing. Wonderful organization mixed up with utter chaos. Fine ideals rubbing shoulder to shoulder with persecution and cruelty. The mental worker considered as inferior to the manual labourer. No official religion. Nevertheless, people are allowed to worship as they will and where they will, so long as they provide the up-keep of their own church and clergy. Human bonds so easily dissolved that a week may see a couple married, divorced, and married again! Children brought up by the State. Everything topsy-turvy according to our standards, and yet, beneath it all, both practical logic and a very high, if painfully achieved, ideal. The outcome of it will certainly provide one of the most interesting chapters in all human history. Its influence is only just beginning to be felt. What will be the end of it all no one can tell. Certainly no heaven for woman, perhaps; no family life, no home, no comfortable old age. For the young, maybe; everything is planned for them from their earliest years; they are the force behind the Russian menace, or blessing, whichever it may be. In the meanwhile, read Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's interesting book. It is a story of real adventure, undertaken in the right way and in the right spirit, which is to travel light and to see the funny side of uncomfortable things. Yet, beneath the oft-times humour of the narrative, there is serious import—serious, especially for Western Europe. How many countries, for

(Continued on p. 144)



Swabe

MISS MARGERY BINNER AND A. N. OTHER

The "other" is one of Mr. Gordon Stewart's Great Danes, and this attractive picture was taken at his kennels at Send. Miss Margery Binner had a very lucky let off when she fell from the stage at the Gate Theatre into the audience. She pluckily continued her performance even though in considerable pain.

HIS SOUVENIR!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"My 'usband was operated on for appendicitis the day she was born, and 'e's 'ad 'er christened 'Iodine.' I think it must be the name of 'is nurse"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

example, are paying for the Five Years Plan by goods dumped in enormous quantities and at prices ruinous to the home manufacturer? And yet, this is only a beginning. Mrs. Chesterton sums up the future thus: "We have eaten the bread of Russian penury, but we have savoured also the fruits of Russian comradeship, and we have felt the stirring of her mighty spirit struggling to be free. It is this struggle which seeks not to crucify but to exalt the humble of the earth that holds the envy, the curiosity, the imagination of the world—a struggle that cannot be ignored, will not be evaded, and which must continue till the rest of Europe comes to grips with its philosophy."

Into Calm Waters.

One horrid thought emerges from it all, however. It is that to grow old under the philosophical régime which is Communism will be more awful than even it is at present. To grow old—and to be a woman. To be mass-produced, so to speak, and to be marshalled from the cradle to the grave will be tragic to anyone possessed of personality and initiative. Communism is so drastically logical and human nature is so incurably sentimental. To be perpetually "levelled" will be not the least awfulness of a world fashioned on Communistic ideals. Say what you will of Capitalism—it does at least promise that "privacy" which independence alone can bestow. It will be bad enough to be marshalled in our labours, but to be marshalled in our private lives—I can think of few things which will make death more utterly welcome. And upon this rock Communism will probably dash itself to pieces. Communal homes—how awful! To be at the mercy of the tittle-tattle of every envious Tom, Dick, or Harry. No, I am glad that I am likely to expire peacefully in a world in which we are not drilled to an ideal. It was like coming into harbour after a magnificent storm to read Mr. James Milne's charming book, "A Window in Fleet Street" (Murray, 12s.). A symbolical atmosphere of silence, punctuated with quiet musing and the clear-cut memory of interesting events and interesting people. And so delightfully written that it was like listening to Mozart after a whole evening of Stravinsky. The author is, of course, very well known as a journalist, but in his book there is none of that stridency which makes the arresting head-line. The tone is quiet to a degree, but there is something interesting on every page. Not for a long time have I read a book which was such a pleasure to read. So little of Fleet Street as the uninitiated understand Fleet Street, but from his office window Mr. Milne reviews most of all the important events which have occurred during the last thirty years and gives vivid pen pictures of many of those vital personalities who electrified the world during that period. It is a book of romance and colour and full of that charm which is so easy to feel, so impossible to explain. Swinburne, Manning, Vaughan, Hardy, Mark Twain, all the more important political figures of the last decade figure in his pages—not as figures, however, but

as human beings seen from an intimate but always friendly angle. If you desire a book which possesses that great gift of being able to make you forget present crises and to lead you back into a world in which great things happened rather than exploded, I can recommend few better books.

Thoughts from "A Window in Fleet Street."

"Time mellows social sinning as well as personal bereavement."

"An original idea or invention is apt to find a cold reception, like a late baby in a grown-up family."

"While people say 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' they refuse to accept it in practice."

"There is always one to whom it is not necessary to talk, who just understands. That is the perfection of companionship, as old friendship, which knows and excuses everything, is the perfection of friendship."

More Unusual Adventures.

Instinctively one takes off one's hat to men like Mr. Geoffrey Malins, and all the other cheerful breakers of world-records at the risk of their own necks, while inwardly wondering whether it all be worth while—except as the thrilling adventure of a lifetime. At any rate, here in "Going Further" (Elkin Mathews, 18s.) is Geoffrey Malins "at it" again—going round the world on a motor-cycle, beating records, proving the supremacy of British workmanship, but enduring such hardships, running such risks, that one wonders if the same result could not have been achieved with less danger of losing at least two valuable lives. However, there it is, and from the reader's point of view "Going Further" is as good a book of adventure as he will come across among recent publications. "Personally, I'd rather be excused," one says to oneself as one realizes that this passage is typical of at least half his magnificent journey. "Rain-storms, sand-storms, hail, floods, sweating blood in struggling through miles of sand dunes and crashing through torrents of water, losing our way in a tractless waste of sand, Bedouins,



"IF THE FISH WERE ONLY HALF AS FOND OF MY FLY AS THE MIDGES ARE OF ME!"

jackals, and hyenas, eight nights in the Sinai Desert without taking our boots off. . . . Yet, what thrilling memories will be his and those of his friend who accompanied him on this dangerous expedition! The book "whizzes" us round the world accompanied by a succession of excitements. But not so fast that we fail to linger here and there. At "The Tree of Knowledge," for example; at the Garden of Eden; at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (which we read is disgracefully kept, thanks to the jealousies of the Christian Churches); Calvary, India, Spain, Australia, and New Zealand (the most perfect land in which to live, declares the author, and everyone I have ever met agrees with him), among many other countries and places. But our chief interest lies in the excitement of the "goings," not the "getting-theres." These provide one thrilling adventure after another, while the numerous illustrations only help to make the adventures the more vivid and realistic.

A GALLERY OF THREE



THE PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK
Paul Tanqueray



MISS VIOLA TREE IN "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE"
Mabel Robey



MISS PAMELA WELLESLEY
Bertram Parf

The Princess Otto von Bismarck is the beautiful wife of the First Secretary to the German Embassy in London. Prince Otto von Bismarck, is a descendant of that great figure in German history, who, if he had lived long enough, might have made the Big Mistake an impossibility, for if Bismarck was nothing else he was cautious and capable of seeing farther through a brick wall than a good many people. Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck are extremely popular in London Society. Before her marriage she was Miss Anne Tengbom. Miss Pamela Wellesley is the daughter of Lady George Wellesley, and the grand-daughter of the Duke of Wellington. Miss Viola Tree (Mrs. Alan Parsons) has rarely given us a better touch of comedy than she does as the engaging Mrs. Miller in Mr. H. F. Maltby's play, "For the Love of Mike," which has hit the mark at the new Saville Theatre. Mr. Bobby Howes, Miss Viola Tree, Miss Olga Lindo, Miss Peggy Cartwright, and Mr. Alfred Drayton carry things through to a convincing victory, and it is one of the "choses à voir"

A Rugby Letter : "HARLEQUIN"

By

"HARLEQUIN"

AT the dinner given to the South Africans after their runaway victory over London, the President of the Rugby Union, Mr. W. T. Pearce, appealed to the public to have more consideration for the sacred Twickenham turf, and to refrain from rushing over it as soon as a match is over. There is no necessity to do anything of the kind, and the harm done by thousands of intruders is more serious than that caused by the play itself. We don't want to see the headquarters of Rugby look like a professional enclosure, but spiked railings are inevitable if people will not exercise a little care and consideration. Wire fences are generally used to keep wild beasts inside, but in this instance it would be a case of keeping them out.

The ranks of first-class referees have received a welcome addition in the person of Mr. Holmes of Durham, who controlled the S.A. v. London match, or fiasco, if you prefer that term, with so much acceptance to everybody. Curiously enough he has not played Rugby, having been a devotee of Association in his youthful days, but he took a great fancy to Rugby when he saw it played, and soon began to wield the whistle. That was three seasons ago, so he has not taken long to get out of the ruck, and if he continues to be as efficient as on Saturday we shall see a good deal more of him.

I understand that, being unprovided with any documentary evidence, he found some little difficulty in gaining admission at Twickenham, the gate-keepers there having before now been victimized by unscrupulous individuals who say they are players or referees. Somebody once had the temerity to hold up Mr. B. S. Cumberlege when on a whistling mission, which must have taken a bit of doing. But the record belongs to the official who refused to pass Mr. V. G. Davies, when he was captain of the 'Quins, for a Harlequin match.

How can you reconcile the two proverbs, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and "In a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom"? Which of them was right and which was wrong when the team to represent London against the South Africans was chosen? And why call the side "London," when it was really selected from half a dozen counties? The game is almost ancient history now; it is only mentioned in order to express the hope that much better fare will be served up on Boxing Day. The crowd at Twickenham on October 17 was justifiably annoyed at the poor show made by the home men, nearly half of whom had no claims at all to participate in such a game, and were thoroughly out-classed.

It was by far the easiest victory that the tourists had gained, and they certainly showed improved form. But it would be easy to over-rate them; for it was

the first time on which they had been opposed by an absolutely weak pack. One does not want to crab them at all, for at their opening match at Bristol it was obvious that they had the makings of



AT THE DINNER TO THE SPRINGBOKS: VICE-ADMIRAL ROYDS AND MR. M. F. WATERS

The Eastern Counties Rugby Union entertained the Springboks at the Savoy after their smashing victory over the scratch London team at Twickenham. Admiral Royds is one of the England Selection Committee. Whether he did much "selecting" at the match no one really knowst

a powerful team, and they have been steadily improving ever since. Still, it would be easy to attach too much importance to their victory over "London."

They will be at Twickenham again next week, on November 7, after their first tour in the north, to meet the Combined Services. The Services are taking this match very seriously, and have arranged a couple of trial games in the hope of finding a satisfactory side. There will be, it is safe to say, a strong Navy element in the pack, for there are several very promising handymen coming along, and strong and determined forwards, workers with plenty of life, are the only ones of any use against the tourists. G. Beamish of the R.A.F., will be with them, and St. Clair Ford and H. C. Lane will form one wing. And do not be

surprised if "Alphabet" Hunt, the Army and Irish cap, is at full back. Anyway, it is to be hoped that he will be in the side somewhere, for he is always a joy to watch.

I am not going to follow the example of a writer who, in his remarks on the prospects of the London match, stated boldly that it was a good thing for the home side, for it is certain that, if the Services win at all, they will have to fight desperately hard to do so. But they should certainly put up a far better show than "London" did on October 17. Some of them will be on the mat all right if they don't!

The attention of certain referees is respectfully drawn to the two methods of restarting play when the ball has gone into touch. Law 27 states that the ball must be thrown "into the field of play so as to alight at least five yards from and at right angles to the touch-line," or a scrummage must be formed ten yards from the place where it went into touch at right angles to the touch-line. There is not much wrong, as a rule, with the scrummage, though the ten yards from the touch-line is often under-estimated.

But the throwing-in is often all wrong, especially when the ball is thrown only a short distance. Sometimes it does not travel the statutory five yards, and when it does it is often very far from straight. Many instances have been observed recently in which the ball, had its flight been continued, would have been absurdly crooked. Sometimes it is possible to gain a considerable advantage by this illegal procedure.



MR. E. HOLMES (DURHAM)

The referee who handled the great game between the Springboks and London, which luckily did not take a lot of handling, as it was good, clean Rugger all the way. Mr. Holmes was formerly a miner



Photographs by Sasha

THREE SPRINGBOKS: MR. P. J. NEL, MR. P. DE VILLIERS, AND MR. P. J. MOSTERD

Both the former were in the Springboks' team which laid out London six goals to a try in the match at Twickenham. This flash-shot was taken at the dinner to the all-conquering South Africans at the Savoy, at which the Eastern Counties Rugby Union were the hosts



LADY ANGELA SCOTT

Yevonde, Victoria Street

A very pleasing head-study of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's youngest daughter, whose smiling outlook on life is one of her many attractions. Lady Angela Scott has been out and about some six years, and her debut was celebrated by a ball at 2, Grosvenor Place, her father's London house. This summer she became an aunt for the tenth time, when Lady Burghley had a daughter. Her other married sisters are Lady Margaret Hawkins and Lady Sybil Phipps. Lady Angela's eldest brother, Lord Dalkeith, has represented Roxburgh and Selkirk as a Conservative since 1923, and his supporters were very confident of his success at yesterday's General Election.



THE LATEST OF YVONNE!

Complete with small diamond ring and fascinating smile. Yvonne Printemps and her husband, Sacha Guitry, are now appearing in Sacha's play, "Franz Hals," at the Madeleine Theatre

TRÈS CHER,—How impossible it is to tie official tabs to talent, and decree that the chosen laureates shall broadcast genius for ever after! Last night the Grand Opera gave us the *première* of the efforts of two *Prix de Rome*. I will not remind you of the names of these composers who were handicapped by the librettos imposed upon them by tradition in the hands of a singularly uninspired Minister of *Instruction Publique*; it would not be fair to hold the poorness of such efforts up against them. After the five or six performances, obligatory to their status as prize-winners, a kindly veil of forgetfulness will be dropped over the whole sad business. Later, if they survive their laurels and their tabs, we shall probably hear them to greater advantage in less official circumstances. One hopes so . . . for their sakes at all events, and this, at the moment, is the most one can say.

The critics were, according to their different temperaments, either plunged into gloom or exhorting with joy. In deep consternation our omniscient Gaston de Pawlowski declared that it was: ". . . pas possible . . . ils ont dû fabriquer ça dans les prisons!" which was, of course, a highly libellous remark to make as far as concerns the prisons! He also reminded us that the day had started tragically with a capital execution at dawn, a red dawn (shepherd's warning), but that even this had not been so terrible as the culminating wretchedness of the entertainment (?) we had just witnessed. I do not know, Très Cher, how this Gallic and somewhat

Priscilla in Paris

macabre humour will appeal to you, but I assure you that, having sat through the efforts of MM. les *Prix de Rome*, we found it deliciously funny.

Nevertheless I enjoyed my evening; there is something so very special about a First Night at the Grand Opera House. I love the dowdy splendour of the whole affair. It is so marvellously *français moyen*. The place is so huge that all the familiar faces of the usual critics and First Night habitués are lost in the crowd of *abonnés* and strange frumps of both sexes who appear from . . . only omnibuses and *métros* know where. It is only in the *couloirs* and *foyers* of the Opera that one can see rougeless lips and unpowdered noses *en masse* and (which is remarkably good for one's vanity) that one realises that they find lip-stick and powder quite as ridiculous as we find their indifference to such aids to nature. A bare expanse of vertebrae and a painted skin no longer shock the bourgeoisie (besides, the greater part of the bourgeoisie both paints and goes naked at night nowadays) but it amuses it, and this, I think, is somewhat vexatious.

After such an ultra-French evening it was amusing to find myself next day at a performance of *La Garde Blanche* (can't write it in Russian) given by the Théâtre Artistique de Moscou (groupe de Prague), a Russian company, directed by P. A. Pawloff, that is now playing at the Eden, an old old café-chantant hall near the Place Clichy that was famous before the War—Maurice Chevalier made his *début* there—but that has become nothing but a theatrical landmark. It is a huge barn of a place, but it was crowded, and has been crowded, it seems, for the last fortnight by enthusiastic spectators. I do not think, however, that there were twenty French people amongst the whole audience. There are more than a hundred thousand Russian exiles living in Paris, and apparently they are sufficient to ensure the nightly "house full" boards that are regularly displayed. During the whole evening I do not think I heard a word of French spoken. The staff is as Russian as the company and the audience. Even the buffet is Russian. Instead of stale sandwiches and *petits fours* there were piles of *koubiliak* (those little balls of flakey pastry filled with meat), and *pirotchki* accompanied by glasses of fiery *vodka* and *kvass*.



RENÉE HERIBEL

The French stage star who is doing a Paramount movie called "Nights of Port Said," which sounds a bit wicked and dangerous even though Port Said is so much improved. The picture is being made at Joinville, just outside Paris, and they must have managed to import the atmosphere somehow

La Garde Blanche is a play in six tableaux, dealing with the Russian Revolution, by M. Boulgaroff. One would have expected the audience, which obviously consisted of persons from every stratum of society, to manifest its diverse opinions on the matter, but the only slight disturbance which took place was when, during the action of the play the old Imperial Russian hymn was played. Two-thirds of the audience rose to its feet and listened standing while the others remained in their seats, but this was very quietly done without any effect of bravado, and was politely tolerated on both sides. I hate to think of the pandemonium that would have reigned in French, or even Anglo-Saxon equivalents of such an audience. This *Théâtre Artistique* has been brought to Paris by M. Arnold Meckel, who is also our wonderful Argentina's impresario. I met her the other evening at the *première* of Somerset Maugham's play at the Ambassadeurs. (The *Sacred Flame* is doing well . . . but, as I expected, not nearly so well as *Rain*, or *The Letter*, or even *The Circle*.) She was just back from her holiday at Aix-les-Bains and already deep in the preparations for her next tour in the States. A new programme altogether, for Argentina never rests on her laurels and is a tireless worker.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

“GRACING” AS THEY DO IT IN BERLIN!



THREE BORZOI RACING CRACKS

Kluger

Up to now attempts to introduce dog-racing in Germany have not proved very successful, but the German Greyhound Club, established as far back as 1892, has recently made great efforts to popularize it. At present, however, these races are carried on in a very primitive way. Instead of an electric hare, a stuffed one is used propelled by clock-work, as far as can be gathered. Recently the interest in dog-racing has grown in Berlin, though it is only in a restricted area. The totalisator is not allowed at these dog-racing meetings, and this rather hampers progress. The dogs run at these races are a bit of all sorts—English Greyhounds, Russian Borzois, Whippets, and a couple of Persian Greyhounds are also being tried out at present

RACING IN COUNTY MEATH

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES TONGE AT PROUDSTOWN
(NAVAN) RACES

LADY NUGENT

MR. J. G. FITZGERALD AND MISS
KATHLEEN USSHERMR. AND MRS. VICTOR PARR AND
SIR JAMES NELSONMRS. POLLOCK AND
LADY LAMBARTMISS MACARDLE AND HER SISTER
AND MRS. VICTOR PARR

Poole, Dublin

Proudstown course, near Navan, is in the northern part of the famous Meath country, and is the domain over which Captain "Rags" Hornsby hunts the dog pack. En passant, much concern was felt over here by his friends when the news came that Captain Harry Fowler, the ex-Joint Master of the Meath, had had a motor smash, and it is good to hear that he is now better. A lot of sporting celebrities were at Proudstown, amongst them, as will be seen, the ex-Joint of the Belvoir, Mr. Charles Tonge, who is seen with his bride. They are on their honeymoon and have been out cubbing with the Meath. Lady Nugent is the wife of Sir Walter Nugent, a Director of the Bank of Ireland, and is a well-known personality with the Westmeath Hounds. Mr. J. G. Fitzgerald and Miss Kathleen Ussher, niece of the famous Irish trainer, Mr. Harry Ussher, are engaged. Mrs. Victor Parr had one running at the meeting, Active Anne, who ran up in the Brownstown Plate, and Sir James and Lady Nelson are both hunting in Meath this season. Mrs. Pollock is Sir Thomas Ainsworth's sister, and is well known with the Meath. Lady Lambart is Sir Oliver Lambart's mother, and Beauparc, her house, is a well-known Meath fixture. Miss Macardle and her sister are both well known with the Louth Hounds

FIGHTIN' IT OUT AGAIN

The 4th Division Dinner

MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. BARTHOLOMEW AND
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FELIX READYMAJOR-GENERAL C. BONHAM-CARTER (GUEST OF HONOUR),
LT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON (CHAIRMAN OF THE DINNER)

COL. R. LUKER AND COL. G. N. T. SMYTH-OSBOURNE

BRIG.-GENERAL C. A. L. GRAHAM AND BRIG.-GENERAL
H. R. W. MARRIOT-SMYTH

The 4th Division Dinner Club held their annual reunion at the Trocadero, and, as is usual at these functions, many a battle was fought all over again by the gallant survivors. Lieut.-General Sir Henry Wilson, who was originally a Rifleman (R. B. 1878), who is the President of the Dinner Club, was in the chair, and with him in the picture is Major-General Charles Bonham-Carter, who has been Director of Staff Duties at the War Office since 1927. Sir Henry Wilson has been "Fatty" (quite undeservedly, of course) to his friends almost ever since he joined. He commanded the Division, and with "Uncle George" (now F.M. Sir George Milne) as his C.R.A., and "Archie" (Sir Archibald Montgomery Massingberd) as his Chief of Staff, and "Felix" (Sir Felix Ready, now Q.M.G.) to look after the inner man, they formed what was known as "The Happy Family." Lieut.-General Sir Thomas D'Oyly Snow had the Division from 1911 to 1914, but he eventually got the VII Corps. The 4th was the first division that first introduced divisional baths—a tremendous boon in those days to all ranks; it was the first division to start a band, and it was also responsible for the first divisional troupe of performers, which it called "The Follies"



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR T. D'OYLY SNOW AND LIEUT.-COLONEL F. E. MASCALI

THE PASSING SHOWS

"For the Love of Mike," at the
Saville Theatre



TOM TITT

"ATTA BOY!"—GOING SPANISH IN "THOSE PRISON BLUES"

Bobbie Howes and Arthur Riscoe doing a little song and dance after "staging" a safe robbery in Mr. H. F. Maltby's rollicking farce "with tunes" at the new Saville Theatre

THE new Saville Theatre, in that portion of Shaftesbury Avenue beyond Cambridge Circus, is one of those "better 'oles" which sybarites would do well to note. The smell of new paint is always mysterious and intriguing; the mural decorations of Mr. A. R. Thomson serve as an admirable excuse for more than one visit to the refreshment salon (it would be disrespectful to call it a bar) which combines the functions of a lounge and a shop window; the interior is *chic*-ly modern without being too bizarre; and the seats are made to be sat in and not on.

To accord with the newness of its surroundings the opening venture assumes a virtue of novelty which, strictly speaking, it hasn't got. *For the Love of Mike*, by Mr. H. F. Maltby, describes itself as "a play with tunes." Call it a musical comedy without a chorus and you get a notion of something as revolutionary as Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. A leopard can't be a leopard without its spots; nature holds no greater fraud than a white blackbird. A musical comedy without a chorus—well, I mean ter say! . . .

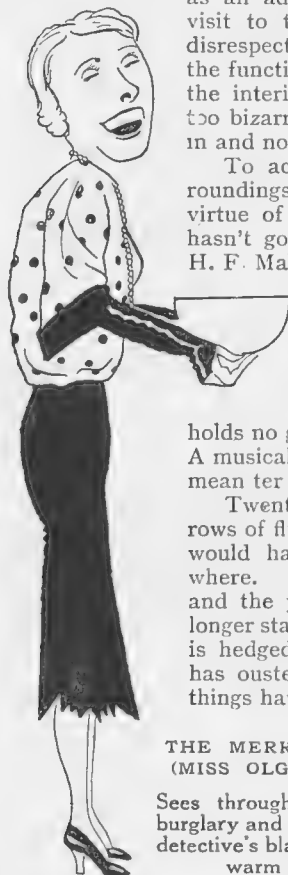
Twenty years ago the absence of three rows of fluttering petticoats and seemly ankles would have driven the young bloods elsewhere. To-day legs ain't what they was, and the young ladies of the chorus are no longer statuesque enchantresses whose destiny is hedged about by ducal coronets. The film has ousted the picture postcard, and other things have happened as well. Jazz and the

dance producer have run riot among the Amazons, swept away languorous curves and chocolate-box smiles, and produced a slim and supple

army of bob-haired, boyish-figured young gymnasts who are there to work and not to be ogled. Needless to say the drill sergeants have overdone it. The craze for chorus work in the last few years has grown from *ad lib.* to *ad nauseam*. So much so that the total disappearance of this adjunct will be hailed by the higher-browed as a step in the right direction. By this process of elimination it is only necessary to remove the music for musical comedy to be faintly tolerated by those on whom at present it afflicts a weariness of the flesh and a drooping of the spirit.

For the Love of Mike is a compromise. It began life as a farce under the name, I believe, of *All for the Love of a Lady*. During its provincial baptism Mr. Jack Waller gave it the once over, and thought it would be improved by a few musical numbers. These have been supplied by Mr. Waller and Mr. Joseph Tunbridge, to lyrics by Messrs. Clifford Grey and Sonny Miller, and their easy tunefulness makes ample amends for any question of irrelevancy. One especially, "Got a date with an angel," has insinuated itself into my memory-cells with distressing obstinacy.

Into this mixture of comedy, farce, and slapstick, played by the comedians on knock-about musical comedy lines, half-a-dozen songs and a dance or two do not seem to make too violent an intrusion. The presence of Mr. Bobby Howes is in itself an invitation to the customary interruptions, and as for the chorus, so well do the Maestro quartette conduct operations from the orchestra pit that the absence of the inevitable young ladies with tennis rackets and the young men in blue blazers can almost be added to the Gilbertian list of things that won't be missed. The fooling of Mr. Howes as the brainless secretary of a



THE MERRY WIDOW
(MISS OLGA LINDO)

Sees through the faked burglary and removes the detective's black eye with warm water



MIKE (MISS PEGGY
CARTWRIGHT)

For the love of whom her fiancé turns safe-breaker, and the detective becomes an accessory before the fact



TOM TITT

"WALK WITH ME"

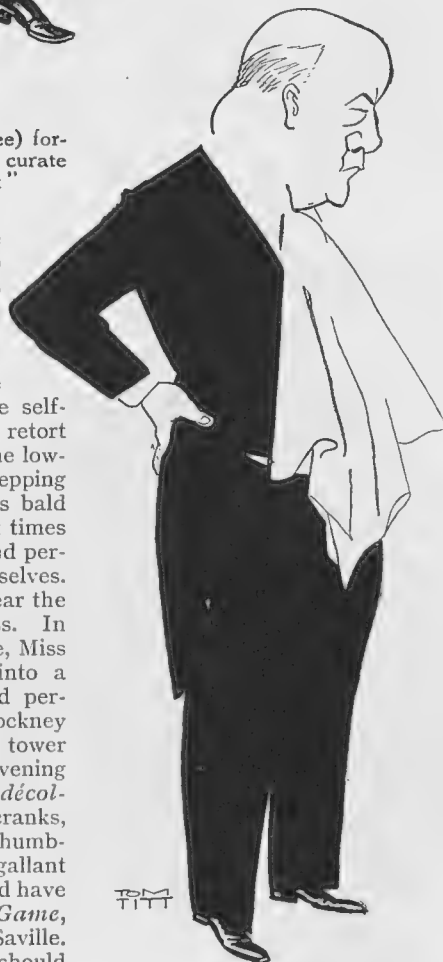
The "nouveau riche" hostess (Miss Viola Tree) forsakes her shooting stick and joins the curate (Mr. Wyllie Watson) in a "pas de deux"

nouveau riche is the main item on the agenda, and the fact that a song or two crops up at intervals breaks up the spasms of laughter and gives the revels the informal and intimate air of an after-(a good) dinner sing-song round the piano.

Taking the "straight" parts first, we have Mr. Alfred Drayton as the impossible self-made social climber snapping out the retort discourteous to his wife, his butler, and the lowliest of his guests, and generally overstepping the limits of bounderhood. Mr. Drayton's bald head, husky voice (not too easy to hear at times it must be admitted), quick-fire delivery, and perfect timing are an entertainment in themselves. This excellent actor must be precious near the top of the averages for consistent slickness. In the rôle of his equally impossible spouse, Miss Viola Tree turns a mouse of a part into a mountain of comic achievement. Armed perpetually with a shooting-stick and a cockney accent, Miss Tree looks like the leaning tower of Pisa draped for a jumble sale. Her evening dress, with the equivalent of at least two *décolletés*, has no earthly counterpart; her cranks, gawks and hoydens stand supreme as thumb-nail caricatures. How Gilbert, with his ungallant habit of ridiculing the elderly spinster, would have enjoyed seeing Miss Tree in *The Truth Game*, *Symphony in Two Flats*, and now at the Saville. The essence of Miss Tree's part is that it should be played dead straight and without the flicker of a smile. It is the utter unconsciousness of the figure of fun which makes that figure so devastatingly funny. Once let it reveal that it is aware of the joke and the joke loses half its

force. It was hardly Miss Tree's fault that the audience caught her laughing at her own oddities and discomfiture. Once she failed to judge the distance between herself and her shooting-stick, and once Mr. Howes helped to break through the mask of congenital inanity. Miss Olga Lindo, as the merry widow, completes the quorum, and plays a trifling part with so much charm and diligence that it almost seems fraught with meaning. A sad waste of a mercurial player, partly redeemed by the discovery that she has a pleasant singing voice and knows how to use it.

The comedians, naturally, scoop most of the pool, yet they should be grateful for the support of their "straight" colleagues, seeing how much their own clowning gains by contrast. Mr. Howes in his chubbiest, cheekiest, fourth-form, cock-robin vein through which runs that thread of shy, virginal pathos which melts the ruggedest hearts whenever he makes love to music, is at the top of his form. Mr. Arthur Riscoe, a sound (and audible) comedian if ever there was one, lends



TOM TITT

MINE HOST

Portrait of a social-climber (Mr. Alfred Drayton) called away from the dinner table in the middle of the soup course

PRISONER, WHEN ARRESTED . . .

Jerry the groom (Mr. Harcourt Brook) protests his innocence in the matter of the burgled safe and a diamond necklace to P.C. Wildgoose (Mr. Syd Walker)



TOM TITT

him monumental support as a private detective who is engaged to investigate an epidemic of petty thefts, and ends up by getting hopelessly involved in criminal proceedings. Mr. Howes is the culprit, his intentions being merely to recapture for the love of Mike (Miss Peggy Cartwright) a power of attorney giving her speculating guardian control of her money. The second act is devoted to his arrest, his release on the discovery that he and his captor are old school friends, and the staging of a faked burglary. This involves knocking over furniture, breaking windows, hurling jewellery into the drive where it is picked up by an innocent groom (Mr. Harcourt Brook) with, however, a criminal past, scattering papers over the floor in a series of snow-storms, treating an old scar on Mr. Riscoe's head with lip-salve, giving him a black eye and so on. All this produces a spate of non-stop buffoonery which gets the audience straight in the midriff. Here Mr. Maltby's acid humour was inevitably obscured by flying cushions and the appropriate comic business. But it had shown itself clearly enough in the first act and even in the explanatory third a grain or two of wit was forthcoming. It was a happy thought to make most of the cast surrender in turn to the arm of the law and queue up for the village cells. In musical comedy the temptation to turn P.C. Wildgoose into the usual travesty of the village constable could scarcely have been resisted. Mr. Syd Walker, another excellent comedian, took him with refreshing seriousness and scored all along the line. The same restraint distinguished Mr. Wyllie Watson's amusing vignette of a shabby curate who sang ballads to an instrument which his hostess alluded to as a "sello," and his host, with strange rudeness, as his "sex-appeal." Miss Peggy Cartwright sings not at all but dances gracefully and adds an attractive touch of shy primness to the other charms expected of ingenue heroines. One of those angels in fact, it might or might not, be rather fun to get a date with. A good October night's entertainment for all who believe that laughter is the best doctor's mandate. "TRINCULO."



RECENT EVENTS

Below and on the right are respectively the elder son and only daughter of Lord and Lady Conyngham. Lady Frederica is eight and her brother a year younger. They are both tremendously keen about riding, and show the greatest promise. Lord Conyngham has a place in Scotland and two in Ireland, as well as a house near Canterbury



LADY FREDERICA
CONYNGHAM



Quantities of Yorkshire people gathered at St. John's Church, East Witton, for the marriage of Lord Mountgarret (see below) to Miss Eglantine Marie Elizabeth Christie, eldest daughter of Mr. W. L. Christie of Jervaulx Abbey. The bride wore a lovely frock of satin and lace, and eight children in Kate Greenaway outfits formed her retinue. Mr. Rupert Tollemache, who exactly a week later was getting married himself to Miss Patricia Smiley, was best man to Lord Mountgarret

MOUNT AND MAN: LORD MOUNT CHARLES



MR. P. KINDERSLEY AND
THE HON. JOHN PEARSON

This photograph and the one on the right were taken at the opening meet of the Oxford University Drag held at Islip. Lord Cowdray's only son has been Master since 1929, and Mr. Philip Kindersley, who married Miss Oonagh Guinness, is an ex-Master. Mr. H. Vivian Smith, youngest son of Mr. Vivian and Lady Sybil Smith, is one of the Whips. Lady Joan Villiers, who is completely fearless across a country whether in pursuit of a fox or a drag, is a sister of Lord Jersey, whose engagement to Miss Patricia Richards was lately announced. Lady Violet Pakenham is Lord Longford's third sister

Swabe
LET'S BE M.P.s

Playing at Parliaments is the game of the moment in Hyde Park. This group includes the Hons. John, Dudley, and Frances Ryder, children of Lord Sandon; Martin and Mary Mulholland, the Hon. John Mulholland's children; Sarah Brand, granddaughter of Lord Hampden; Sonia Hopkins, and Lady Maureen Stanley's daughter, Kathleen



MR. PILKINGTON, LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM, MR. P. SMITH, MR. H. VIVIAN SMITH, AND LADY JOAN VILLIERS AT ISLIP LAST WEEK



AFTER THEIR WEDDING: LORD
AND LADY MOUNTGARRET

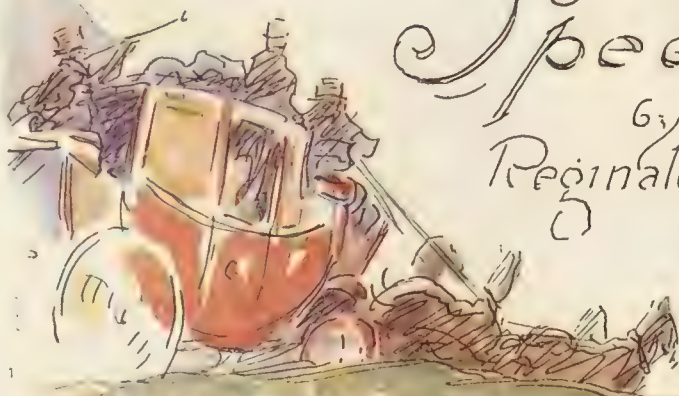


IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H. 1002

Speed

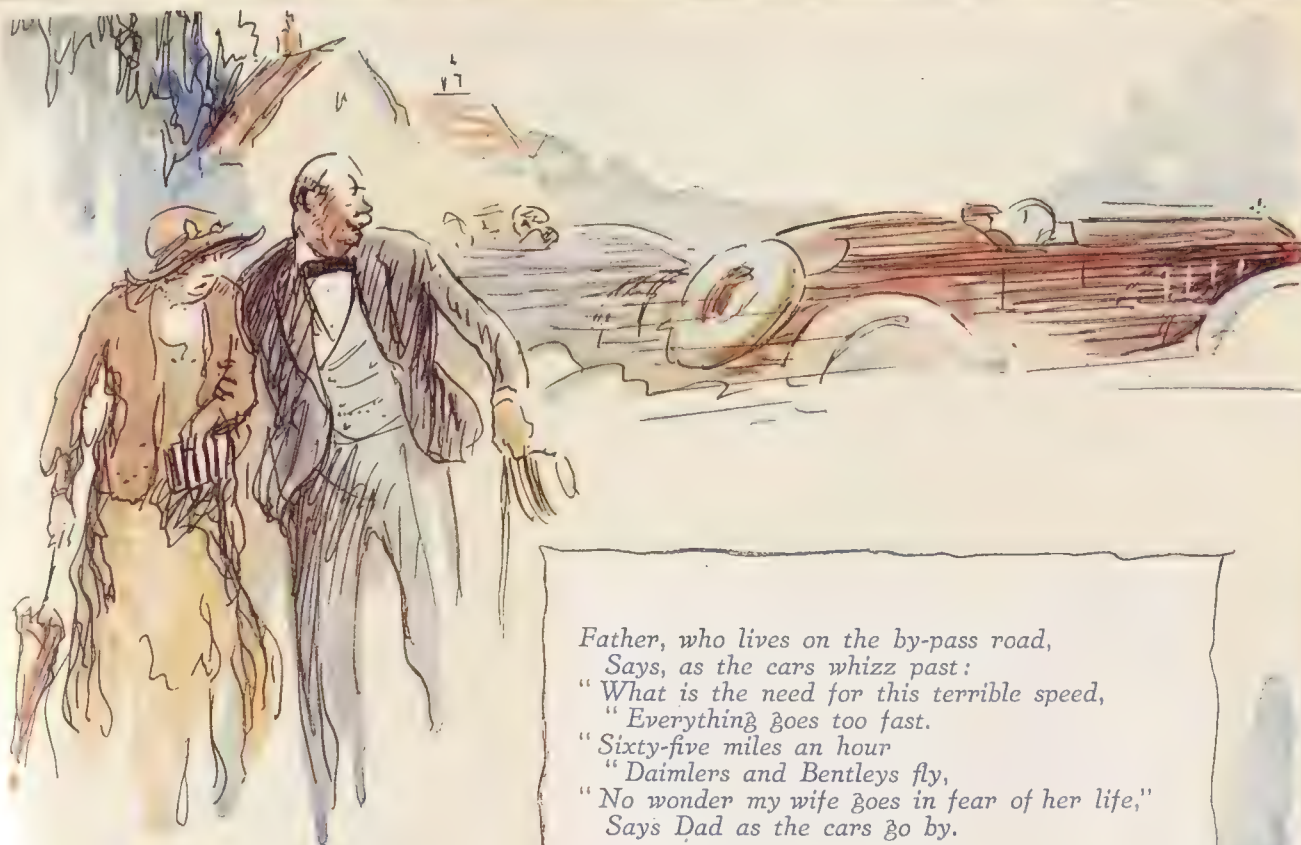
By
Reginald Arkell



Great-grandfather sat by the turnpike road
Watching the coach go down;
The Tally Ho coach with its merry load
That stopped at the Rose and Crown.
Twenty-four miles an hour!
The Tally Ho coach could fly,
Great-grandfather fussed at the noise and
and the dust
Watching the coach go by.

Grandfather sat on the railway gate
Watching the train go through.
Puffing along at a terrible rate
"What is the world coming to?"
"Forty-five miles an hour,
"Can anyone tell me why?"
My grandfather said with a shake of his head
Watching the trains go by.





Father, who lives on the by-pass road,
Says, as the cars whizz past:
"What is the need for this terrible speed,
"Everything goes too fast.
"Sixty-five miles an hour
"Daimlers and Bentleys fly,
"No wonder my wife goes in fear of her life,"
Says Dad as the cars go by.

But somehow or other we still carry on
In spite of the noise and the fuss,
Faster and faster we travel each day
But nothing much happens to us.
Yet our turn is coming; just think of the day
When people do nothing but fly.
We shall sit on a star where the archangels are
And wait till the world goes by.



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THE FILM'S VERY LATEST



LUPE VELEZ IN "THE WHITE MAN"
AT THE EMPIRE

So much has already been written about that new American-made film, "The White Man," which is having a run at the Empire in Leicester Square, that there is very little left to say. Mr. James Agate, "The Tatler's" film critic, ended up by owning that he liked Lupe Velez as the heroine very much. Warner Baxter also makes a definite success of the hero. He is one of the best juvenile leads on the movies of to-day. Eleanor Boardman came from the stage to the film in 1922, and is the wife of the well-known producer, King Vidor. "Hobson's Choice" is an all-English British International Films' production of the famous Harold Brighouse play, in which the late Edyth Goodall made such a big success as Maggie, old Hobson's eldest daughter. Norman McKinnel played Hobson. Joan Maude, who is playing one of the other daughters in the film, was in "Salome" at the Savoy, and the cast in this film, which had a first showing at the Pavilion recently, is full of other well-known names such as those of Marie Ault, Jay Laurier, Reginald Bach, Frank Pethingell, etc.



IN "HOBSON'S CHOICE": VICKY (BELLE CHRYSTALL) AND
ALICE (JOAN MAUDE)



ALSO IN "THE WHITE MAN": ELEANOR BOARDMAN
AND WARNER BAXTER



GEES AND TEES

The Field and the Fairway



P. H. Adams
WELL MET WITH THE QUORN

Above—Miss Thynne and Mrs. Gerard Leigh at a Quorn cubbing fixture at Scraftoft Gorse. The bad times have hit hunting hard, and news from the Shires suggests that there will be many absentees this season. A regrettable state of affairs, for prospects of good sport are excellent. Mrs. Leigh is the daughter of Mr. William J. Goudy of Chicago. Her husband, Captain Leigh of Thorpe Satchville, used to be in the Life Guards

Balmain
MR. AND MRS. W. T. LINDESAY
PLAYING A ROUND OF GOLF



A. Crompton
LADY MAUD BAILLIE AND HER SONS,
PETER (on pony) AND (centre behind) MICHAEL

The High Peak Harriers, of which Lady Maud Baillie is Joint Master, held their opening meet at Flagg, near Buxton, and both Michael and Peter Baillie were allowed to attend. The Duke of Devonshire's eldest daughter married Captain the Hon. Evan Baillie in 1923, and she and her husband were in joint control of the High Peak up till 1930. Michael Baillie will some day be Lord Burton. Mr. William Lindesay and his wife are a very charming and popular couple. He is Lord Lindsay's nephew, and she is the daughter of Lady Hawke, with whom they have lately been staying at North Berwick. They are both golfing enthusiasts and also extra keen on lawn tennis. Mr. Lindesay is in the Scots Guards. The group on the right was also secured at North Berwick. Lord Lanesborough succeeded as eighth earl on the death of his brother two years ago. Lady Vivien Younger is his daughter, and the wife of Mr. J. W. H. B. Younger



Balmain
A FRIENDLY FOURSOME: LORD LANESBOROUGH, LADY VIVIEN
YOUNGER, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. ARTHUR YOUNGER

HEXHAM 'CHASES

A Famous Border Meeting



LADY LINDSAY AND MR. FAWCUS

Lady Lindsay had several horses running at Hexham, and her Old Guard won the St. Wilfrid's Chase. Mr. Fawcus rode two winners and was second in four events



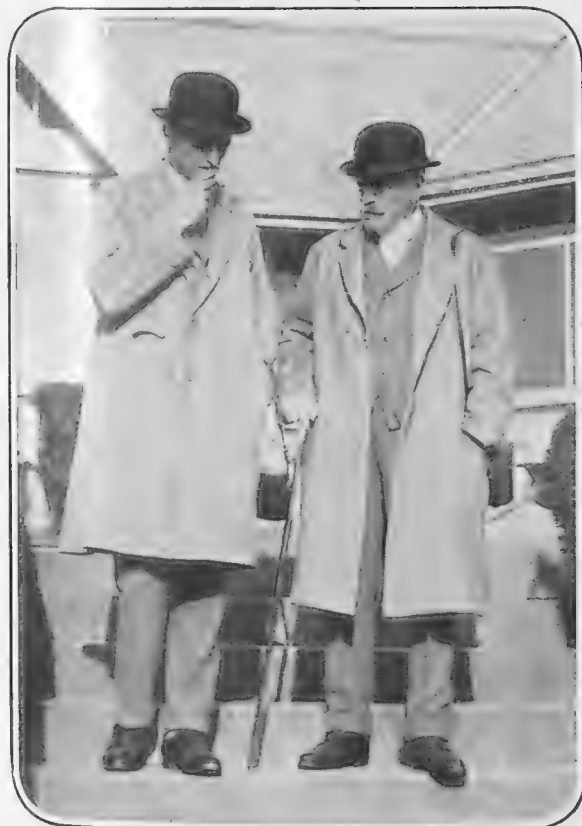
A GROUP BY THE MEMBERS' STAND

Left to right : Brig-General Sir Loftus Bates, Miss Henderson, Miss Hornby, Mr. Arthur Henderson (not of the Labour Party), and Mr. John Cowan. Sir Loftus Bates lives at The Spital, Hexham, and is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Northumberland



THE MASTER OF GRAY

Captain the Hon. Lindsay Campbell-Gray is the elder son of Baroness Gray, a peeress in her own right. He assists in the education of Lady Lindsay's horses. Mr. John Straker (see left) has been Master of the Tynedale since 1883, his term of office (as regards present Masters) being only exceeded by Mr. Jacob Robson (fifty-two seasons), and Lord Yarborough (fifty-one seasons). Colonel Milvain of Eglington Hall, Alnwick, is Master and Huntsman of his own pack. Lord Haddington (see right) was photographed after winning the Riding Steeplechase. It will be remembered that Merriment IV (owner up) secured this year's National Hunt



COLONEL MILVAIN, M.F.H., AND MR. STRAKER, M.F.H.



LORD HADDINGTON ON MERRIMENT IV

Photographs by Howard Barrett



LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

Rothschild

The most recent studio picture of Lord Poulett's sister, who is only nineteen. Lord Poulett, who is the eighth Earl, is twenty-two, and succeeded on the death of his father on active service in 1918. The late Lord Poulett was a Captain in the Royal Horse Artillery

ON the concert programme of a small orchestra was Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, each of the two climaxes of which is followed by a trumpet passage off-stage.

The first climax came, but not a sound from the trumpet.

The conductor, considerably annoyed, went on to the second. Again there was silence off-stage. The overture being finished, he rushed to the wings. There he found the trumpeter still arguing with the house fireman.

"I tell you, you can't play that thing here!" the latter was saying, "There's a concert going on."

Jones came home one evening and sank wearily into an arm-chair and closed his eyes.

"You look tired, dear," said his wife sympathetically.

"Tired! I should think I am," said her husband in a very aggrieved voice. "I've had a terribly wearing day."

"Why, I thought you weren't so busy just now?"

"Well, you see," said Jones, "my office boy asked for the afternoon off to attend his uncle's funeral. I, thinking I'd tumbled to his little game, said I'd go along with him."

"Well, was it a good game?" asked Mrs. Jones with a smile.

"It wasn't a game at all, it was a funeral!"

A man came to revisit his old home, which he had had to sell to a rich man because the expenses of up-keep were too heavy for him.

"And how is my ancestor, the ghost, who used to walk up and down the stairs all night?" he asked.

"Oh, 'im?" said the new owner, who had had the place modernized. "'E don't give us a wink of sleep, ringing for the lift!"

The mistress of the house returned from a shopping expedition and was met at the door by a tearful maid.

"Baby's swallowed a bottle of ink!" cried the girl.

The mistress dropped her parcels in consternation.

"Incredible!" she exclaimed.

"No, mum, indelible," returned the maid.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

And how's your husband this morning?" asked the vicar one day.

"Sure, an' 'e's no better," replied the woman, sadly.

"Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?"

"Treated, is it?" cried the woman, flaring up somewhat. "It's been too much treating for 'im as it is. It's the delerium trimmins 'e 'as already, sir!"

The officer of the day entered the guard-room and found it empty except for a private who, stripped to his shirt and trousers, was lounging on a chair, smoking a pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer, angrily.

"Gone across to the non-coms' mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private.

"And the sentries?"

"In the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir?" was the reply. "I'm the prisoner."

"You doubt if your eyes are strong enough to get you a driver's licence?" said the optician. "Well, sit here and tell me how many letters you can read on the number-plate of that car outside."

"What car?" said the would-be motorist.

He was up on the charge of dangerous driving.

"Do you deny that you were driving too fast to be safe?" asked the magistrate.

"I certainly do."

"What proof have you?"

"I was on my way to the railway station to meet my mother-in-law."



THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

Hughes

The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood, whose latest novel, "Which Way," has just been published by Messrs. Gollancz, and was the Book Society's "first recommendation" for this month. The authoress has an inherited talent as Lord Charnwood wrote one of the best books yet published upon Abraham Lincoln's policy and place in history. This was "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," which was written for "The Makers of the Nineteenth Century" Series

make a plan for beauty



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CUBBING WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. PELLY AND LADY CROMWELL

It is good to learn that most hunts have not got infected by the "chuck everything" craze "because we must economize." If this happened, a good many more people would be added to the unemployed list and no money would circulate at all. It would be just as sensible to dig a hole in the ground and bury it!

IN the maelstrom of present moment happenings it is to be feared that some rather epoch-making events in the great world have been overlooked: the prevention of chickens from yawning, for instance. The way it is done, apparently, is to treat them with a solution of carbon tetrachloride just before they retire to roost. It seems a bit drastic, because out of one lot of fourteen only one survived. However, this is a most useful thing to know, because even though the information may come a bit late everyone will take care to have a spot of carbon tetrachloride in his pocket before the next election. "Gapes" is a well-known disease in human beings.

THE thing called the "escape" story has been immensely popular for some time past, but it is only those in the fiction industry who know exactly what is meant by this description. I will tell you. The "escape" story is an antidote to the burden of actual fact. It is an antidote to an income-tax demand, tooth-ache, G.P.I. (great pain inside), the L.D. (likely-to-die) feeling, and to any other unpleasant thing of which you can think. The main object is to take you out of yourself, whether by the process of making you jump out of your skin—called by some "going all goosey"—or frightening you so definitely that you hardly dare go to bed. I am speaking now of the professional "escape" story writer, the cove who like our modern Defoe, Edgar Wallace, racks his brains to produce something that will make your every particular hair to stand on end like the quills upon the always-fretful porpentine. There are others: the unintentional ones. How about this special correspondent at Whipsnade, who tells us of how they give the inmates apéritifs for tummy ache?

A curative powder can be blown down the patient's throat, or physic actually poured down from the bottle. All these depend on the temper of the animal.

It seems quite a jolly idea; but supposing you aren't as good a blower as the patient? or that he, or it, first bites the neck off the bottle and then off you? He also tells us that even those

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

silly-looking animals, llamas, are most disagreeable when you have to give them castor oil, because they have a most unmannerly habit of spitting the whole lot back in your face. Talk about Edgar Wallace, why he isn't within 21 lb. of this, and he being so fond of racing I am sure that he will understand what is meant.

HOWEVER it is a jolly good thing that no one thought of having a Whipsnade in the days when the Megatherium and the Diplodocus lived. The latter, so Dr. W. E. Swinton of the British Museum says, made a wash like the *Berengaria* or the *Aquitania* every time he went out for a swim, and we also learn in "Monsters of Primeval Days"—you can buy it for the ridiculous sum of two shillings—that it was one of the largest creatures ever known. It was nearly 90 ft. long, and had a tremendous neck and a queer whip-like tail. Its teeth were like lead pencils in shape, and were only in the front of the mouth—so that it could use them like a rake among the plants it liked to feed on. We may have our Clydesiders and saxophone players in these troublous days, but our fore-runners, as one must recognize, also had their little worries.

THE awe-inspiring accounts of the Sharkey-Carnera box fight quickened the pulses of all of us, and it is to be hoped that the talkie-men have done their job properly, for it would be absolutely criminal of them to have missed the savage yells of the winner and the groans of the vanquished who had to take a terrible lot of stuff in the region which Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons delicately described as "the slats" but which we should call the place in which we keep mutton chops, bottled beer, and stout. There is one bit of the story which I think particularly thrilling. It says "Carnera pranced about the ring." I have seen elephants in circuses stand on tubs and try to waltz, and I suppose that is what was behind the descriptive boxing-writer's phrase. In the end Primo was what they call "murdered on his feet." His appetite, however, is still unimpaired!

(Continued on p. xiv)



AT MANTON, MARLBOROUGH: MRS. J. J. RICHARDSON, MR. A. R. COX, AND COLONEL J. J. RICHARDSON

Colonel Richardson, who needs no introduction to anyone who knows his polo history (11th Hussars regimental team—also 13th, and a near International), manages Manton for Mr. A. R. Cox, the famous owner who trains with Joe Lawson, who has topped all records by achieving a record of over £90,000 odd—at the moment, thus breaking a record that has stood for forty-two years; Dawson, £76,000. Golden Hair colt has added to it by winning the Middle Park—and others also have contributed

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A CIRCULAR TOUR . . .

In more senses than one. Mr. R. A. C. Brie at Hanworth Air Park after completing a tour of something like 20,000 miles in his windmill aircraft. Mr. Brie is one of our greatest experts at "round-about flying," and he handles an Autogiro with a mastery that is a delight to the spectators to behold

shares may soar or sulk; though the gold standard may gyrate; yet we should still occasionally choose a quiet moment for meditation upon the really great things of life: upon cosmetics, clothes, and cocktails. These are the permanencies which will flourish when Socialism and Nationalism are both as dead as the ornithopter.

All fashions in clothes are designed to juxtapose attractiveness and appropriateness. Whether it be for the Stock Exchange or the theatre; for love-making or vote-catching; for philosophizing or philandering; or merely for social conversation, the mode must minister to the moment. Thus the right evening dress for a woman must walk well in drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and evening restaurants. It must not only be a suitable obligato to the food and the dancing movements, but it must also, by a balance of concealment and revealment, at once draw attention to the charms of its wearer and invite criticism of them even as, in Mr. George Moore's latest book, *Mnascalcas*' two daughters invite Rhesos' criticism of certain parts of their bodies.

Clothes for aviation should be both appropriate and attractive. There ought to be an aeronautical mode which women flyers could adopt, and which would not only be appropriate to the sport of flying but would also appeal to the emotions, æsthetic and otherwise. In a lively French paper, Madame Madeleine Poulaine has been complaining that there is as yet no distinctive aeronautical mode for women. A few women have created, for their own use, costumes of merit. But there has been no distinctive

AIR EDDIES: By OLIVER STEWART

Vêtement
Féminin
d'Aviation.

When trivialities such as the economic position and the General Election tend to monopolize public attention, it is as well to remind ourselves that there are other more basic and more fundamental things that should never be allowed altogether to pass from our minds. So that though sterling may still be far from its terminal velocity; though

mode. For men there has been the leather coat—now being displaced by the golfing jerkin—the leather helmet and goggles. But for women there has been no comparable mode. Madame Poulaine suggests, however, that Paris has realized this hiatus in the hierarchy of adornment, and is now attacking the subject with its usual verve and flair. Soon we shall see the distinctive aeronautical mode, at once feminine and efficient.

* * *

The Royal Aero Club.

From Clifford Street to Piccadilly may not be far in distance, but in amenities it has proved to be a very long step for the Royal Aero Club. The new building in Piccadilly offers everything that a good club should offer—pleasant surroundings, squash courts, excellent lounges, writing-rooms and ladies-rooms, as well as a restaurant that provides food of the first class at an astonishingly low price. In fact I doubt if there is a club in London where one may feed better than at the present Royal Aero Club. That the improvements in the club's accommodation have been noted is clear from the increasing membership.

It is likely that the touring department of the club will be able to be improved and extended now that the club has moved its headquarters. This department will supply everything the air tourist needs in the way of information, maps, triptyches, and Customs carnets. I have heard some adverse criticism of the maps provided in the past; but everything possible is being done, so that maps supplied in the future



MAJOR H. G. TRAVERS

Chief Instructor of the London Aeroplane Club since 1929. This snap was taken at Stag Lane, where members of the London Club are flying all day and—now that one of the machines has been fitted with navigation lights—part of the night. Major Travers is one of the most experienced flying instructors in England and has passed hundreds of enthusiastic pupils through their licence tests



MISS AMY JOHNSON AND CAPTAIN BARNARD AT SYWELL AERODROME

Some of the people who were there when these two celebrities arrived recently. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Hughes, Mr. Sinnell, Mrs. Barnard, Captain C. D. Barnard, Mr. F. Sketchley, Miss Amy Johnson, Mrs. P. G. Hayward (Assist. Sec. Northants Aero Club), and Mr. E. Fulford. Miss Amy Johnson merely called for petrol, and neither she nor the other celebrity, Captain Barnard, knew the other was coming. Miss Johnson just before her arrival had narrowly escaped disaster by a forced landing near Kettering ironstone pits. Captain Barnard arrived in a "Spider," and the others in the picture just dropped in!

shall have all the information that the owner-pilot is likely to require shown upon them.

The new Royal Aero Club building was formerly the home of the Cavendish Club. It is not far from the building in which the Royal Aero Club leased two rooms in 1908. At that time a cup of tea was the only refreshment obtainable. It was during the War that the club

(Continued on p. xvi)

LES SELECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



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AT THE LABRADOR TRIALS: THE HON. ERIC AND MRS. BUTLER-HENDERSON

A snapshot at Lilford on the first day of the Labrador Retriever Club's Trials. The Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson is Lord Faringdon's youngest son

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

A Show Experience.

I had written, and indeed I had thought, that this latest Olympia was the greatest of all shows. Round and round had I gone, receiving in the course of my perambulations the most admirable impressions which were only confirmed when with great hardihood I penetrated to those cold (and rather

up head-quarters and working out arithmetical sums upon slips of paper. And the most of their trouble was that half of them had not got what this pal o' mine wanted. Unlike most of those who are considering the purchase of motor-cars nowadays, he was positively "not worrying about a hundred or two," and to walk

badly lighted) "compartments" where were to be seen arrays of motor-boats of all kinds, and the rather ugly instruments with the aid of which the modern car can be "vetted," tuned up, and teed up in about twenty-five seconds. I could wish that these ingenious people who make garage equipment were not quite so lavish with their red paint. But that is a matter of aesthetics; what is a far more important question is, does the gadget do the job? Having spent a glorious autumn afternoon in getting first-hand information on this matter, I am in a position to say that it does so—every time. Nor is that a thing that we should lightly dismiss. It certainly means something to me that (providing I take my car to an up-to-date garage) it can be given the "once-over" very cheaply and efficiently. And without pretending that I am by way of being an expert, I should say it ought to mean even more to an owner who really knows nothing at all about his car. I know several who come into this category, and I am always ready to ask to belong to them—because I find that this method saves so much trouble, and is invariably so good for the local garage proprietor. Now and then I want his help, and I always feel I am so much more likely to get it when I have acquired him a new client. But, as usual, I am right off the rails. What I originally meant to make a note about was the fact that a pal o' mine asked me to wander round the Olympian aisles and help him select a choice sports saloon. And the result of a long trek was that he departed unsatisfied. We found several bodies that intrigued him, we found two or three chassis, but the desirables were never united, and when I caved in and roundly declared that I would do no more I expect there were not less than a dozen salesmen (hoping against hope) who were busily ringing



AND ALSO AT LILFORD: COLONEL AND MRS. ROMER

Lilford, where the twenty-third field trials of the Labrador Retriever Club were held, is near Thrapston in Northamptonshire. Colonel Romer was one of the guns

round the Show with him was consequently a charming experience, whereby I swelled visibly. What, I ask humbly, has happened to the "sporting car" of medium price? The answer is (as I had no difficulty in determining) that it has developed into a very sober-looking and commodious thing. It has not lost a single jot of performance, but it has become definitely comfortable and sizeable. This pal o' mine has his ideas about the good things of life, and although he is not in the least little bit a "swanker," he wants to have something in the outward appearance of which he can take a pride. He left the Show a disappointed man—or rather, I should say, he left with many deals unmatured. And perhaps the agency that worked most against him was his determination not to have a foreign car. Half-a-dozen times we pulled up at stands, and he would go across and open doors and send hopeful salesmen's hearts into their mouths, and he would admire, and mess about, and very nearly gave his name and address, and would finish thus (which I think is a very good sentiment): "Mustn't do anything here, darling. Foreign car!" Now that was a sentiment for which I had the highest admiration—and I was so very glad to see that others thought exactly the same. It was a most marvellous thing to see that the stands of imported cars, however important they might be, were utterly neglected. The X Y Z show, a couple of years ago, was besieged by agents. This Olympia, it showed far better cars than ever, so interesting, that no matter what their prices might have been they were worthy of more than a casual inspection. But the stand was utterly deserted. The reason is that we are building in this country so much

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LINK BOY: ANOTHER FOR JOE LAWSON?

A piping hot favourite for the Cambridgeshire (to-day), and with the Manton luck behind him it seems almost flying in the face of Providence not to back Mr. W. M. G. Singer's three-year-old by Pharos, who has sired so many good "osses" that he seems badly named. And yet the Short Dart takes almost more winning than any race in the whole calendar

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

the LINCOLN

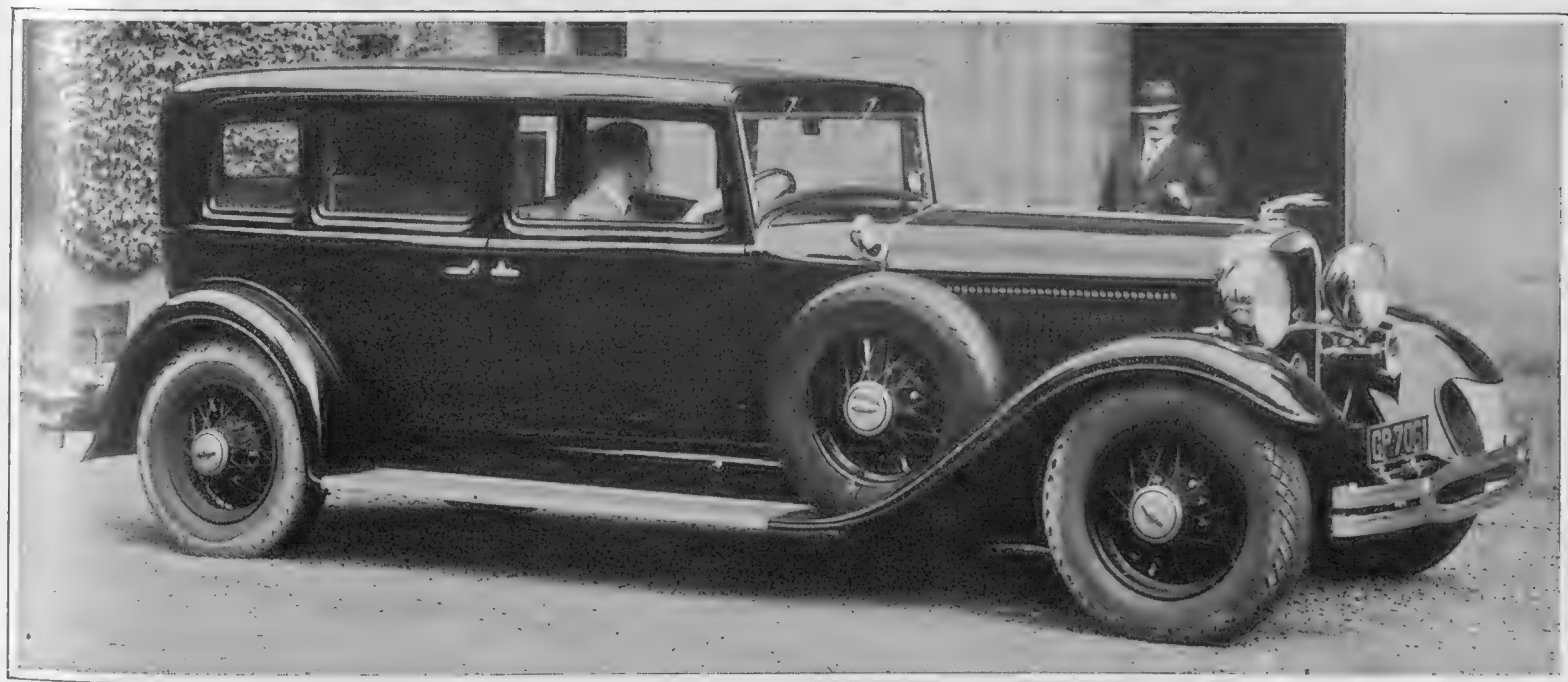


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CURTAIN

By HOLLOWAY HORN

AFTER letting herself into Neville Paterson's flat, Joan Seddon glanced round the familiar hall with a quiet smile before she noticed that Paterson's servant had come out from the kitchen and was watching her with obvious consternation.

"Good evening, Roberts," she said calmly. "Is your master in?"

"No . . . no, Miss," he stammered.

"Then I'll wait."

With complete self-possession she sauntered into Paterson's study, switched on the light over the most comfortable chair in the world, took a cigarette from the silver box she herself had given to him, lit it, and sat down, fully aware that Roberts, in spite of Paterson's boast that he was the best-trained servant in London, was hovering uncertainly in the doorway.

"You may go, Roberts. I shan't want anything," she told him, with her devastating smile.

"Yes, Miss, but I don't think Mr. Paterson is coming back to-night."

"Don't talk nonsense, Roberts. Mr. Paterson is expecting me."

"But he'll have packing to do. . . ."

"I'm going to wait here until Mr. Paterson gets back. Go and get on with the packing; then he won't have it to do."

"I'm sure, Miss, you'll forgive me if I take the liberty . . ."

"I'll tell Mr. Paterson how it happened, Roberts," she smiled. "He won't blame you."

"It isn't that, Miss. But you don't seem to know that . . . that . . ."

"That your master is to be married to-morrow? Of course I know it, Roberts. You might close the door after you."

"Very good, Miss," he said resignedly, and withdrew to his own quarters and the fuller consideration of this surprising and ominous visit.

Roberts knew all about Miss Seddon and the key which had admitted her to his master's flat. She was the leading lady at the Gadfly Theatre—had, indeed, appeared there in two of his master's plays. For several months past she had not been to the flat—Roberts had assumed that the affair had died a natural death. And now it was nearly midnight, and there she sat calmly smoking and waiting, well knowing what was taking place on the morrow.

His meditation was broken by the sound of the telephone bell in the study. Automatically he went to answer it, but in the hall paused, for he could hear Miss Seddon's voice replying to the call.

Roberts whistled silently.

It might easily be Mr. Paterson's young woman calling him up! She very often did so last thing at night. But Roberts knew that it was too late now to interfere—even if he had dared. In the midst of his perturbation he heard the sound of his master's key in the outer door.

"What's the matter, Roberts?" Paterson demanded, for one glance at his servant's face had told him that *something* was wrong.

"It's Miss Seddon, sir! She's in there now." He pointed helplessly to the study.

"Miss Seddon!" the distinguished dramatist exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes. I told her you weren't coming in to-night. I did my best, sir, to get her to go, but she refused to take any of my hints."

"That's all right, Roberts." Paterson crossed to the study, but paused at the door. "I shan't want you again to-night," he added.

"Very good, sir."

As Paterson entered the room, Miss Seddon looked up from the table on which stood, among other things, the telephone and a large framed photo of his fiancée.

"Hallo, Neville!" she greeted him. "Isn't she *sweet*? I've been looking at her. So girlish!"

"Look here, Joan, this is most damnably unsporting of you."

She smiled her famous smile. "My dear," she said, "what an utterly futile thing to say. I feel certain that you would have handled the situation better on the stage."

"But this isn't the stage. Now look here, Joan, I'm going to call you a taxi and send you home."

"Why? My car's outside. Besides, I'm not certain that I'm going home. I always liked your flat. It's so restful for one thing. All these books . . . so calm and . . . masculine."

"You are a little devil," he said, altering his tone. "But it isn't cricket, you know, Joan."

"Cricket? I don't play the game. And so you're going to be married in the morning?"

"I am. I wrote and told you so, weeks ago."

"I wonder what would have happened if I had married you?" she asked. "But possibly you've forgotten that you once asked me?"

"No, I haven't. As to what would have happened, I think I can put it in one word."

"Do."

"Hell."

"That's rude. But you always were outspoken, Neville dear. That's why I loved you so."

"I've played the game with you, Joan. Why don't you do the same?"

"Perhaps I am playing a game. I don't understand all these sporting metaphors, anyway. Give me a cigarette."

He held out the silver box. Gravely she took one.

"Do you remember the night I gave you that?" she asked.

He nodded. "It was the night I asked you to marry me."

"Three years ago. I felt lonely to-night, Neville. I was going to the Rococo for supper, but I altered my mind and came on here."

"I saw the show last night, by the way," he said, falling almost unconsciously into the old, effortless intimacy.

"I heard this evening that you were there."

"It's a winner!"

"I think so," she said listlessly. "I suppose Mirabelle is most frightfully excited to-night. Such a sweet name, don't you think? Mirabelle!"

"She didn't choose it, anyway."

"No, but I think it is a name she *would* have chosen. A sweet girl! She looks positively shy in that photo. I'm sure you must love her most frightfully. And shyness is coming in again, I believe."

"I would far rather not discuss her," he said, stiffly.

"Thank God you don't make your characters talk like you do yourself, dear. You'd flop every time if you did."

"I think it's thundering bad form for you to come here, Joan, and sneer at my fiancée."

"It's bad form for me to come here at all, I suppose. It always was. But there were times when you bore up under the—indiscretion."

"That is the past."

"And Mirabelle is the future?"

"Yes—since you ask."

"And you and I here, to-night, are the present?" she suggested, with a flash of dark eyes.

"Look here, Joan, I'm tired. I've got a long day in front of me to-morrow."

"You're going to Paris, I hear?"

"Yes."

"Why? Did Mirabelle choose it?"

"She did."

"How original of her! But I mustn't be unkind. She looks sweet in that photo. And her father is a millionaire, isn't he?"

"I really don't know."

"Don't be idiotic! Of course you know. It shows how very clever you are. I wonder what he would say if he knew I was here?"

"But he doesn't know!"

(Continued on p. viii)

Look not on the dark side
Let there be no repining
For every cloud has yet
its silver lining

Johnnie Walker



Born 1820... still going strong



The Worpleston winners: The Hon. Michael Scott and his partner, Miss Joyce Wethered. It was the latter's fifth victory in these famous foursomes

Of course this page is called "*Eve at Golf*" and is therefore presumably not meant to deal with the Adams. But in any case Adam will obtrude himself into that garden of Eden which is Worpleston, and at the moment Eve really feels quite inclined to take up the cudgels on his behalf. "Miss Wethered Wins," "Miss Park is Runner-up," read the headlines; the Hon. Michael Scott and Mr. Stuart Forsyth, if not veiled in complete anonymity, are at least shrouded as "Miss Wethered's Partner" and "Miss Park's Side." After all, the poor dear men do play every other shot and, if they are destructive, not the most strong-minded or greatest women golfers in the world can pull them to victory; there have been partners whom Miss Wethered has failed to drag successfully through the pines and the heather, the pond and the sand bunkers of Worpleston into which they plunged her. It really

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

must be not a little difficult for the man to do his best when he feels that he is looked on as an utter villain if he makes a mistake, and that if he makes a good shot he is merely doing his duty. So let Miss Wethered be dismissed in a sentence, for she will think it no discourtesy; she had superb moments but she also had some very human ones. At the human ones the gallery actually laughed; it was comic to see her fluff into a bunker after her opponent had led the way, and that a worshipping crowd should see the ludicrous side of it was perhaps the greatest tribute to Miss Wethered's greatness. Mr. Scott stood up to the difficulties like a man; he was long enough, he was straight, his pitches and most of his putts were all that occasion demanded, and he made a thoroughly appropriate speech as soon as ever he could get a word in edgewise between all the cups and compliments that the Duke of Sutherland was handing out to Miss Wethered.

Scotland has been thoroughly persistent this year. They won the International Shield, they had a medallist in the Open Championship, they supplied one winner at the Ranelagh Foursomes, and then



Mr. Douglas Fish and Mrs. Walter Payne were opponents in the second round at Worpleston. The former played with Mrs. Fish and the latter with Mr. W. L. Hartley



Mr. Stuart Forsyth and Miss Doris Park, the Scottish runners-up in the Worpleston Foursomes. In the 36 holes final they were beaten 4 and 3 after a grand fight

Miss Park and Mr. Forsyth came over the border to be runners-up at Worpleston. It was most suitable. Miss Park brought with her a new putter and some greatly improved putting. Gullane, Turnberry, perhaps even Nairn, might have told a different tale of Scottish Championship finals if Miss Park had had that putter and had dropped her hands for the nervous putts at those three places as she did at Worpleston. Mr. Forsyth putted, as the more rapturous of the daily press had it, "like an angel," but the pair were just a little bit outweighed by Mr. Scott's side,

and did all that could be expected of them in taking that fine player and his fair partner to the 15th hole in the afternoon of the 36-hole final.

Now we must deal carefully with the last eight, resolutely putting the man first, whatever the polite draw and the ecstatic press might have done. In the fifth round Mr. Hannay and Miss Corlett had a desperate time before they beat Mr. Dennis Kyle and Miss Plumpton, 21 long holes being needed.

Mr. Forsyth and Miss Park too were valiantly chased to the 17th green by another Scotsman, Mr. Hugh Gow, of Prestwick, and Miss Livingstone, who has made a speciality of last eights or better this autumn. Mr. Straker and Miss Lobbett fell upon Mr. Noel Layton and Mrs. Alec Gold, and overwhelmed them by 6 and 5, but Mr. Scott and Miss Wethered were 1 down and 3 to go to Mr. Tipple and Miss Fishwick, and only won on the last green. It is a pity, of course, but in this instance Eve has to admit that the Adam of the party was seriously to blame. She might even go so far as to whisper the same as an explanation as to why Mr. Straker and Miss Lobbett lost by 5 and 3 to Mr. Scott's side, but perhaps it is needless. After all Mr. Scott and his partner are enough explanation of any defeat.

(Continued on p. xvi)



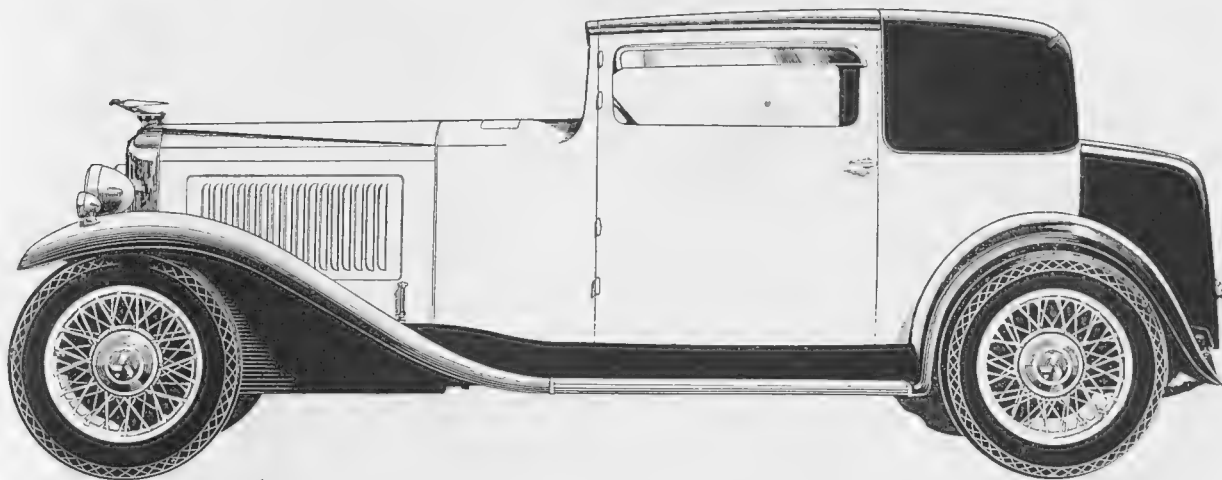
Master Illingworth insisted on attending the Worpleston Foursomes. Others in this group are (left to right): Miss F. Low, Mrs. G. Illingworth, Mrs. John Low, and Mrs. Illingworth

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*On long-wheelbase chassis. (Sliding roof £10 extra)

VAUXHALL SILENT EIGHTY

*For those who want a light Six, there is the 17-h.p. Vauxhall Cadet, with Synchro-Mesh and Silent Second Gear, £285 * Special 26-h.p. model for overseas*
Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1



BRITISH

The Highway

By M. E.

"Star" Fashions in "Hollywood Holiday."

THE dresses of a famous film star are naturally expected to be ultra-beautiful and unusual and yet express the fashions of the moment. Consequently it was with great interest that the women in the audience at *Hollywood Holiday* (at the New Theatre) awaited each entrance of Miss Marjorie Brooks in her rôle of Hedda Maelstrom, a



These decorative cuffs and collar are of Bruges lace and come from P. Steinmann & Co., 185, Piccadilly, where they are companioned by a variety of others expressed in antique and modern lace. See page iv

rising in a point at the middle of the back, made an unusual finishing touch. Her tailored white felt hat was quite plain with a captivating dip over one eye.

* * *

A "Harlequin" Sequin Coat.

In Act II Miss Brooks' evening coat aroused great admiration. Slim, high-waisted, and so long that it formed a little train at the back, it was carried out entirely in black and white sequins, the two colours joining down the back in a bold vandyked design. The collar was magnificent: black fox on the black side of the coat and white on the other. A pochette of glittering black and white sequins to match was a clever finishing touch. No wonder the wearer seemed reluctant to discard such a marvellous wrap and only allowed us a rapid



The finest linen, its charm increased by embroidery, has been used by P. Steinmann & Co. for this becoming vest waistcoat

of Fashion

BROOKE

glimpse of her white satin dress, simple in comparison, but intricately worked in a diamond pattern with the alternate sides of the material. Another evening dress worn by Miss Brooks for a more informal party was a charming frock that the most youthful débutante could wear with great success. A fairylike affair of midnight-blue net, it was embroidered all over with crystal and diamanté, with a tiny cape



Also from distinctive It is carried cloth generous with natural raised waistline is emphasised with a belt

Corots is this winter coat. out in black ly trimmed opossum. The



Flat frills ent position on crêpe dress Old Bond St. system pre-

occupy a prominent position on crêpe dress Old Bond St. system pre-

See page iv

world favourite of the screen. Miss Brooks fulfilled all expectations. She looked the perfect, golden-haired screen "vamp" and her dresses were superb. They were designed and carried out by the British designer, Norman Hartnell, Bruton Street. Miss Brooks first appeared in a striking afternoon ensemble. Over a long, clinging skirt of deep nigger velvet, moulding the figure closely from waist to knees, then flaring slightly to the ankles, appeared a short-waisted tunic in white with inverted flares giving fulness at the waist. A peasant's corselette of brown velvet,

floating from the shoulders. Unfortunately "Miss Pinnett," played so perfectly by Jean Cadell, did not follow the fashions, as she represented a delightfully prim and old-fashioned English governess transplanted to Hollywood, but her humour more than compensated for any sartorial delinquencies.

* * *

A Collection that is Different.

Every woman should visit Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, as their winter collection has solved the problem of enabling women to be smartly, well, and attractively dressed in creations of British

(Continued on p. iv)

All for Beauty



The Importance of After-summer Care

This interval between summer and winter is a critical time for your skin. Sun and wind have parched and coarsened it; the bright glare has drawn fine lines around your eyes. If neglected now the damage may be permanent. Spare a few minutes for wise daily care with these HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations, and you can smooth away every trace of that weather-beaten look—can bring back whiteness, smoothness, delicacy.

First, LUXURIA for a thorough, pore-deep cleansing. Its cool richness also softens the skin; makes it smooth and supple. Pat on LEMON LOTION to refresh and lighten the sun-darkened skin. Banish the lines from eyes and mouth with SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER, which also repairs the shrivelled places. Spread a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM over the face, neck and arms, to refine the texture and banish the dull "spotty" look that sunburn leaves. This is the cream which so quickly restores the clear transparency and sparkle of your skin. To fade out freckles and tone down severe discolorations, use MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION each night and allow it to dry in.

Begin today to soothe and nourish, to replenish the natural oils and lubricate the skin, so that it may be in perfect condition to withstand the biting air of winter.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Lemon Lotion, Price 4/-, 8/-; Skin and Tissue Builder, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Moth and Freckle Lotion, Price 3/6, 7/-, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

MODERN SERVICE IN THE FUR TRADE



Models, National Fur Co.



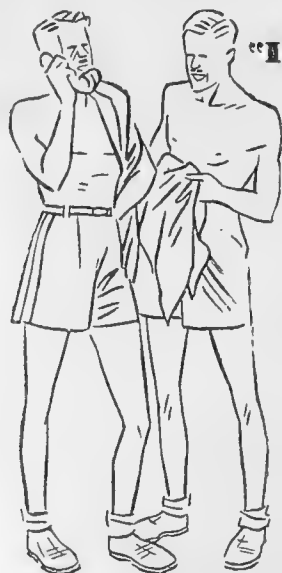
Pictures by Blake

this pelt is almost indistinguishable from ermine—is trimmed with real ermine tails and is lined with mirror velvet; it is 9½ guineas, or it may be paid for by twelve monthly payments of 17s. 5d. The *chef-d'œuvre* on the right is also of Chinese coney trimmed with white foxaline; it is 12 guineas, or it can be paid for by twelve monthly payments.

Attention may be directed to the department which exists for repairs, remodelling, cleaning, and dyeing. It is claimed that no fur is too worn to be beyond the skill of the firm's experts to bring it up-to-date. One very notable feature of this department is that it is prepared to handle inexpensive skins with the same care and thoroughness as the most costly furs. Cleaning is undertaken by a special plant which is amongst the finest of its kind in the world, whilst repairs are performed by a specially-trained staff of more than one hundred.

Thus it will be seen that this old-established firm, whilst adopting modern methods wherever possible, still retains the personal control which has led to its success throughout the years. This is only one of the very many reasons which has given The National Fur Company its present position among the furriers in the United Kingdom.

The application of modern business methods allied to a long tradition is a feature of the trading policy of The National Fur Company, whose head offices are at 193, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3, an undertaking which, for the past fifty-three years, has specialised in the retail sale of quality skins and made-up furs of all kinds. This firm offers open credit terms so that furs or fur coats may be bought by twelve monthly instalments. The popularity of this facility may be gauged when it is said that many old county families, the members of which have dealt with the company for two or three generations, are now making extensive use of the system. For instance, the reversible Chinese coney coatee—by the way,



"I tell you—we men are very rarely deceived!"

KAYSER

**"Rubbish! Many a man falls for a pair
of Kayser Stockings and thinks he's
fallen for a pair of legs!"**



Pure, flawless silk — newest shades —
beautifully tailored — Kayser Stockings
are sold everywhere - - from 6/11

Made in U.S.A. — Wholesale Distributor: C. J. Davis,
3 Prince's Street . Cavendish Square . London . W.1.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

origin. In the evening frock department there is something for every type of figure and every occasion, the state of the exchequers of the majority of us having been taken into consideration. A black faille dress that will arouse enthusiasm has the latest version of the waterfall back, nevertheless the slender silhouette is maintained; there are shoulder straps of diamanté which in front terminate in oval motifs. This is for a rather older woman, while for the younger there is a black dress with the skirt composed of innumerable frills of net; the corsage is of watermark velvet, finished with an apology for a basque not more than 2 in. deep.

Broderie Anglaise on Velvet.

An important feature of another black dress is the long cuirass corsage of pale pink velvet; it shows a broderie anglaise design expressed in silver thread, the scheme being completed with a black lace coatee. Cornelli embroidery on net is requisitioned for the upper portion of a satin dress; it is accompanied by a broché velvet coatee enriched with fur. A distinctive black velvet frock has a decidedly original back; the material is cut away, leaving a spade-shaped hiatus, which is filled in with net and outlined with vellum-tinted antique lace. It must be related that in several of the dresses a softly-draped bow is introduced; this is all that remains of the bustle with which we were threatened earlier in the season.

Grannie Mittens.

Picture frocks for the bridesmaids are well represented at Peter Robinsons. Altogether charming is one of pale pink satin embroidered with old-world sprigs. The wide hem is composed of frills of parchment-tinted Valenciennes lace to harmonize with the enormous epaulette sleeves of the satin cape coatee. Grannie mittens carried out in lace and net increase the charm of the ensemble. By the way, this firm is making a feature of really delightful frocks for the débutante for 8 guineas; many of them are reinforced with coatees, and some have almost circular skirts. There are many pleasing studies in black and white; for instance, there is a black velvet dress with a slanting neckline and hip yoke, accompanied by a white angel-skin coat ornamented with black fur.

Winter Fashions.

All in quest of something different must wend their way to Robert Heath's, 37, Knightsbridge, and see the originals of the sketches on this page. A study in brown beige and white is the ensemble on the right; the dress is cut almost entirely

on the cross, while the coat is of brown kasha; the plain brown coat is cut on simple lines; the brown velour hat has a square crown and is finished with a loop of velvet ribbon. The frock on the left has a skirt of black wool marocain, the tunic being of emerald green crêpe romaine with charmeuse backing.

Payments by Instalments.

In these days when economy has to be practised it is a great advantage to be able to replenish the wardrobe by the aid of payments by monthly instalments. Corot, 33, Old Bond

Street, W., are responsible for a world-famous instalment system; the price is the same whether cash is paid or an instalment account is opened. There are models for every occasion, ranging in price from 3 to 20 guineas. Just imagine, the coat and dress pictured on p. 172 may be acquired in this way. The dress is of black wool crêpe with small double cape and turn-over collar; in order that harmony may prevail flat frills are introduced on the sleeves and skirt; the distinctive coat is of black cloth generously trimmed with natural opossum. The latest whispers of Fashion are reflected in these models. It is to be regretted that it is not possible to portray an afternoon frock for 5 guineas cash or 15s. monthly payments. It is expressed in georgette, pleats are used, for decorative purposes on the hem and to outline the jabot and wing sleeves. Again, there is a tailored cardigan suit of woollen hopsac for 3½ guineas or 10s. 6d. monthly. Further details will be found in the catalogue sent gratis and post free.



The art of dressing simply and smartly is well understood at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge. They are responsible for the ensemble on the right, which is a study in brown beige and white, and the green and black tunic dress on the left

Little Things Count.

Accessories are of paramount importance in the world of dress to-day, and it is in the feminine touches of lace net and kindred fabrics that P. Steinmann and Company, 185, Piccadilly, W., excel. It is Bruges lace that makes the collar and cuffs on p. 172. It is impossible to do justice to lace in a black and white reproduction; it is like jewels and fur in this respect. The vest-waistcoat portrayed is of the finest linen imaginable enriched with embroidery. Furthermore, there are real old lace shawls and half shawls ranging in price from 10 to 50 guineas and lace scarves from 35s. to £50. A feature is likewise made of Honiton, Limerick, and Brussels lace bridal veils; they are from 10 to 70 guineas. The illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free.



BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE :: :: W.2



MODEL B 186. A new "Bradley" Model Coat, tailor-made in Peau de Velour and trimmed with fine quality Jap Mink - **33 Gns.**

Can be trimmed with other furs to suit individual requirements, or customers' own furs can be adapted and used.



GOVETTE. A charming Frock in good quality Georgette, finished with pleated frills. Lined Crepe-de-Chine. Ready for wear in various new colours. Sizes up to 48 hips - **9 Gns.**

Also in Velveteen, sizes up to 44 hips - **8½ Gns.**



UPCERNE. A new and very smart **THREE-PIECE** in mixed Tweeds. Cardigan Coat (with separate Scarf) and box-pleated Skirt, with long Coat trimmed collar of Rock Seal.

THREE-PIECE complete **13½ Gns.**



E 01. (On left.) Sports Hat in fancy felt, trimmed with feather pads. In black/white, cherry/white, beige/white - **49/6**

Or in plain colours **39/6**
Sizes 22 ins., 23 ins.

E 02. (On right.) A new and very smart Beret, trimmed with fancy mount. Black and brown only.

Sizes 22 ins., 22½ ins. In felt **49/6**
In Velour - **3½ Gns.**



Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
MARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARD-RAIL"

POLLING day is to-day for those who get their TATLER on a Tuesday, and no sane men or women can possibly register their votes for anything but the National Government. As the "good book" says, "A house divided against itself shall fall," and surely the crisis at which we have arrived is ample proof of what can be done in the way of house-felling by the Party system of stifling each other's measures, however beneficial, and taking no unpleasant steps, however necessary, should they look like costing votes. The National Government candidates have all stated they will now put country before Party (a somewhat naïve admission), and even if we make an occasional mistake, anyway let's all pull together.

As one whose dwelling is blessed (or cursed) with a night-porter, and therefore possesses no latch-key, I am given to understand that I have no vote, and am thus forced to take only an academic and detached view of



A LINGFIELD PARK GALLERY

A few people who are well known to many of us collected by "The Tout" at the recent meeting. Lord Zetland is a Steward of the Jockey Club. Lord Adare is Lord Dunraven's son, next to him Lord Lovat and Mr. J. M. Clayton, the Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty (whose famous trainer husband had one running), Mr. Boswall-Preston, little Fred Rickaby (who rides for Lord Glanely vice Gordon Richards going on to Beckampton), and Mr. Blenkiron

the proceedings and wireless speeches, much in the manner of those who, walking up from the station at Sandown, stop to listen to their prototypes, the gentlemen selling racing selections. The prophet who shouts, "Wot did I tell yer at a place called Wolverhampton larst Friday?" forgets that most of his selections had to be cleared off the course to allow the next race to be run, and he hopes that you will forget too and trust him again.

Not that there are not a great number of men interested in politics who are capable in many ways. No one who has endeavoured to go ten rounds with Kid Berg will deny his capabilities, but there seem to be so many square pegs in round holes. These occur, of course, in all trades, as witness the City gents who endeavour to make money on a racecourse, the trainers who try to get rich in the City, the gentlemen with sliding seats who take up riding instead of rowing, and people fitted with sunshine roofs to their mouths who live by public speaking or auctioneering.

The wireless has played a great part in the electioneering campaign, and must be held responsible for many deaths by stroke. Take the case of the man who gets no evening paper, and has had a good bet on

(Continued on p. xxii)



Prince's Plate Lasts a Lifetime

Quality should outweigh all considerations in your selection of Spoons and Forks. In Prince's Plate you have the finest quality at the lowest price.

A Catalogue of Spoons, Forks, Cutlery and Canteens, etc., will be sent by return of post.

The Rat-tail Pattern.

Table Spoons and Forks ... £1 17 6 doz.
Dessert Spoons and Forks... 1 8 6 doz.
Soup Spoons, £1 17 6 Tea Spoons, 15 0 doz.

The Chelsea Pattern (regd.).

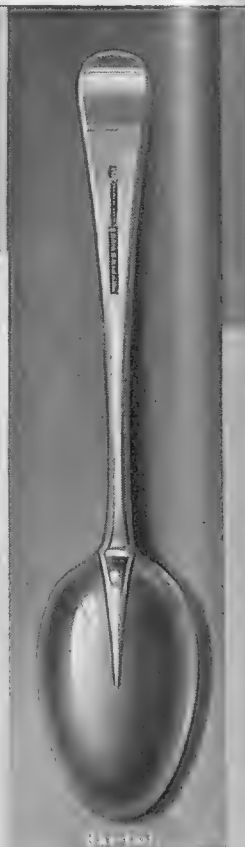
Table Spoons and Forks ... £2 4 0 doz.
Dessert Spoons and Forks... 1 13 0 doz.
Soup Spoons, £2 4 0 Tea Spoons, 16 6 doz.

The Pembury Pattern (regd.).

Table Spoons and Forks ... £2 7 6 doz.
Dessert Spoons and Forks... 1 14 0 doz.
Soup Spoons, £2 7 6 Tea Spoons, 17 6 doz.

1703. Stainless Steel.

Table Knives, £1 10 0 Cheese Knives, £1 6 0 doz.
(Smaller quantities at proportionate prices.)



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London: 156-162, Oxford St., W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172, Regent St., W.1.
Manufacture: The Royal Works, Sheffield



'Fireworks' —
—a New & Fashionable
Entertainment in 1770

Wherever you go—wherever beauty and rank and fashion foregather, the exquisite fragrance of the Yardley Lavender will greet you.

For the Matinée, the Thé Dansant—the daily round of social engagements, of sport and of pastime, Lavender is so delightfully attuned to the occasion—wistful—winsome—lovable fragrance.

No other Lavender can equal the charm of the famous Yardley Lavender.

YARDLEY LAVENDER



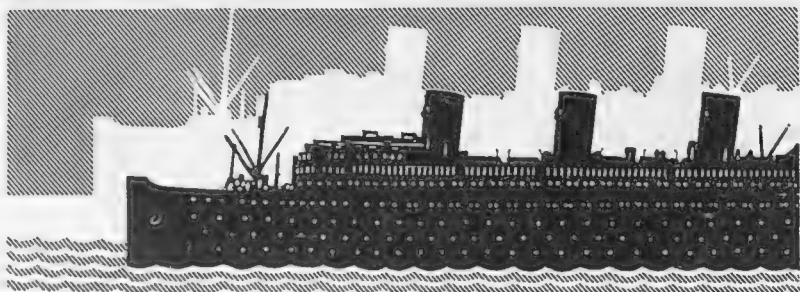
Sprinkler Top Bottles \$ \$ from 2/6 to 16/6
Fancy Stoppered Bottles \$ \$ „ 6/3 to 70/6

ALSO

Lavender Soap 'The Luxury Soap of the World' 2/6 a box of three tablets, *Face Powder* 1/9, *Compact Face Powder* 2/6, *Face Cream* 1/6, *English Complexion Cream* 3/6, *Bath Salts* 2/6, etc.

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores





London— Plymouth —New York

"The Route that Cuts off the Corner"

Trains are faster than Ships. EMBARK at Plymouth, the nearest Ocean Port to New York, and so substitute a mile-a-minute in a Boat Train for a passage down Channel together with its concomitant—a continental call *en route*.

IF CROWS FLEW TO NEW YORK

they would unquestionably go "as the crow flies"—they would follow the French Line route, for London—Plymouth—New York is as straight a line as any crow ever flew.

From the moment the Boat Train leaves London, the New York bound passenger is travelling "as the crow flies" when he travels "Via Plymouth."

Cross by one of the three liners—

"FRANCE," "PARIS," "ILE DE FRANCE,"

or the exceedingly popular cabin liners—

"LAFAYETTE," "DE GRASSE."

Direct
by the



Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd.,
20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1
or all leading Travel Agents.

Curtain—continued from p. 168

"Do sit down Neville! You look absurdly uncomfortable standing up like that!"

"I am uncomfortable."

"You get steadily ruder, dear, as the minutes pass. Isn't it fortunate that I am so used to you?"

"Have you been using the telephone?" he asked sharply.

"Yes. Why?"

She followed his glance. The receiver had not been replaced on the hook.

"How careless of me!" she laughed. "Don't look so cross. Shall I give you the penny for the call?"

"Look here, what have you been doing, Joan?" he demanded in a tense voice.

"Don't start every sentence with 'Look here.' I *am* looking at you."

"Did you ring up her father?" he asked with sudden, cold enmity in his voice.

"How ever did you guess?"

"You'd better get out of it, Joan."

"Heigh ho! What changes a few short months can bring! But you do me an injustice, my dear. I didn't ring up your father-in-law. I didn't ring up anybody."

"Then what's the receiver doing there?"

"Somebody rang me up. Or rather you."

"Who was it?"

She smiled easily before she replied: "I thought it simply *touching*. It was Mirabelle. She rang you up to say good night. So deliciously old-fashioned, Neville. And that suspicion of a lisp is simply adorable."

"You answered the call?"

"Of course. I was the least bit bored waiting for you, and I thought that it might be Mirabelle. So naturally I answered."

"Naturally," he said unpleasantly. "It didn't occur to you to call Roberts?"

"Of course not! We had quite an interesting little talk, Neville dear. You barged in just as we were beginning to like each other."

"I see. The moment you go—and the sooner the better—I shall ring her up and tell her exactly what happened here this evening."

"I think that's the very least you can do, Neville dear. But whether she will believe you or not is another pair of shoes. She knows—now—that you gentlemen who *write* fiction are usually fairly useful at other forms of it."

"What did you tell her?"

"Neville, dear! You don't really expect me to divulge a confidential conversation I had with another woman? It wouldn't be cricket, or ping-pong, or anything! You surprise me!"

"You little devil! I don't believe you spoke to her at all."

She shrugged her lovely shoulders: "If the belief comforts you, Neville dear, do so by all means."

"Forgive my lack of hospitality, Joan, but I really should be most infernally obliged if you would go. Let me take you down to your car."

"Won't you ring Mirabelle up and tell her just what happened before I go? I should *love* to hear you. I tell you what, I'll confirm it. I'll admit that I let myself in with my little key, and that you were most awfully upset and most tremendously dignified."

In spite of himself, he smiled. "Now, come on, Joan. Off you go! We've been too good pals to go and spoil it now."

"Pals," she repeated. "In a way, I suppose we have. Yes, I'll go." She rose. "I came simply to wish you . . . luck. It seemed too impersonal to 'phone or write."

"This isn't another elaborate leg-pull?"

"No. I'm . . . serious," she said, as she replaced the receiver on its appointed hook.

Their eyes met: "Thanks," he said. "I'm sorry if I've seemed brutal to-night."

"You haven't," she assured him. "I've thoroughly enjoyed it. But I can't help feeling the least bit envious of her, Neville. Anyway, I'm sorry that she rang up while I was here."

"She *did* ring up then?" he asked, with a frown.

She nodded. Just then the 'phone bell rang. "There she is again," she said. "She's probably been trying to get through to you all the time I've been here—that's why I left the receiver off."

"But —"

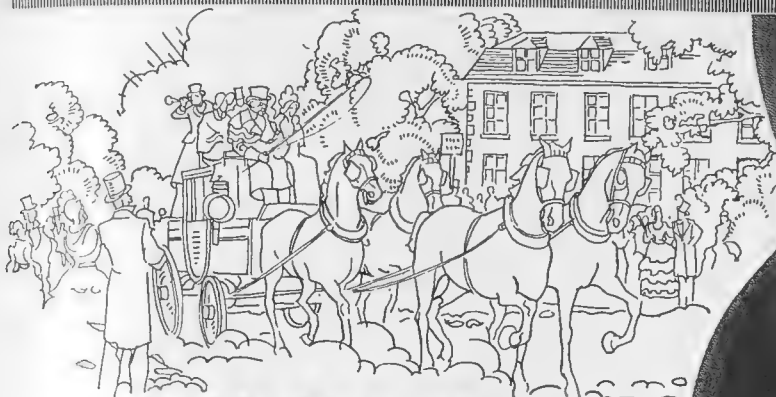
"Go on, silly, answer the 'phone. I told her she'd got a wrong number."

He lifted the receiver: "Yes," he said. "Oh, it's you, sweetheart. I'm sorry. I've only been in a quarter of an hour and that's the first time I've had a call. However —"

He listened a while and the woman who watched him saw the expression on his face. He was far too absorbed to notice that she had crossed to the door. She opened it silently and slipped out; presently he looked up to find that he was alone.

"Good night, my darling," he said at the end, and thoughtfully replaced the receiver. Then his eyes fell on a key—the key of his flat. His visitor had placed it on the top of the silver cigarette box.

AN ALTERATION WITHOUT A CHANGE



IN AN AGE OF PASSING FASHIONS

Even to-day you may sometimes see that relic of a bygone era, the stage-coach. But it is kept more as an object of sentimental interest than anything else. And though in popular use not so many years back, how out-of-place it looks to-day alongside modern streamlined motor cars

The label which you have seen on your bottle of Dunville's was quite correct and appropriate when it first appeared on this famous old Whisky nearly a century ago. But to-day's tastes call for something less "fussy" and more simple. So a new label has been designed which will appear on your favourite Whisky in future. You will immediately recognise that fine mellow flavour which has made Dunville's your favourite Whisky. The new label is reproduced here for this reason



THAT YOU MAY
KNOW AN OLD
FRIEND BY ITS
NEW LABEL



IF YOU PREFER
WHISKY..DRINK
DUNVILLE'S

ESTABLISHED

1808

D.A.—N.84

This "new-weave" BLANKET is ▶ WARM... in winter ▶ COOL... in summer



Feather-light—yet it gives you *extra* warmth on bitter-cold winter nights—and cool, refreshing sleep in sultry summer weather. Restful, tranquil sleep all the year round.

Lan-air-cel—the cellular blanket. *Magically warm! Magically cool!* Woven in a pattern of small cells that hold countless small pockets of air. Adjusting itself to *every change in the temperature.*

Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin-bound or with whipped ends. In Cream and 9 exquisite pastel shades. Can be washed again and again without fading or shrinking. At all good stores.

Write for booklet "Healthier Sleep" (post free) and for the name of your nearest retailer, to McCallum & Craigie Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2, or 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

LAN-AIR-CEL

REGD.

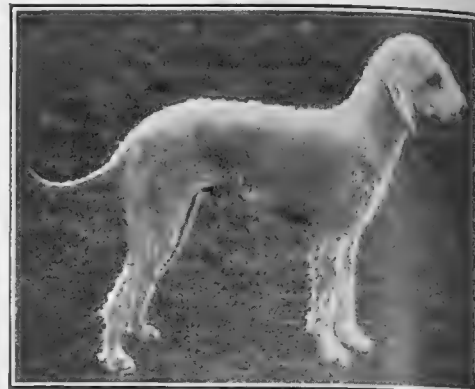
CELLULAR BLANKET

CHOSEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

INVENTED 100,000,000 B.C. Mother Nature hit on the idea of the air-cell as a protective covering aeons ago when she invented fur and feathers which catch and hold countless small pockets of air. Since air is a *non-conductor of both heat and cold*, Nature's covering keeps animals and birds "warm in winter and cool in summer." In making Lan-air-cel, we have used Nature's artifice and woven a cellular blanket for your greater bodily comfort and repose every night of the year.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

An emergency executive meeting was held on October 12, Lady Howe in the chair, in the absence in Ireland of Lady Kathleen Pilkington. The meeting was convened to consider the strong recommendations sent up by the finance and show committees against holding a Members' Show this year as proposed. After some consideration it was reluctantly decided not to hold the show in view of the present serious crisis and of Mr. MacDonald's appeal for economy. The committee intend to make special efforts for the members at our Open Show in May, and if things take a turn for the better, as we all hope they may, to have a successful Members' Show next year. It is needless to say the decision was made with great reluctance.



KNOWLTON PIPER
The property of Miss Sturt

The Kennel Club Show was a great success as regards the quality of the dogs benched. All the most noteworthy kennels were represented, and the rings were crowded with interested spectators. Our members seem specially interested in foreign dogs, out of the four exhibitors three being members of the L.K.A.

Lady Howe has had a remarkable series of successes lately. At the recent K.C. Show, Champion Banchory Trueman, besides winning the championship, won the special for the best gun-dog in the Show in hot competition, and was among the four selected to compete for the Lonsdale Cup for the best dog in the Show. Trueman, together with his sire, Champion Ingleston Ben, also won the special for the best brace of all breeds. This is all the pleasanter as Trueman was bred by Lady Howe, his mother being the youngest daughter



SCHNAUZER PUPS
The property of Mrs. Leland

of the famous dual Champion Banchory Bolo. Trueman had a serious attack of distemper when young and lay for months between life and death, and only the unremitting care of his mistress saved him. Many judges think him the best labrador now before the public. Lady Howe the previous week won the All Aged stake at the Western Counties Retriever Society's Trials with F.T. Champion Bryngarw Flute, and the non-winners' stake with Burnfoot Slider, both handled by herself, and the day after the K.C. Show F.T. Banchory Becky and Burnfoot Slider

ran equal first in the All Aged stake of the Southern Counties Gundog League, Slider being handled by Lady Howe. The famous "Banchory" Kennel has never been stronger on both sides (shows and trial work) than it is at present. The photograph is of the celebrated F.T. Champion Balmuto Jock, winner of eight field trial championships, and his son, Bryngarw Flute, winner up to date of two.

Miss Sturt sends a picture of her good Bedlington stud dog, Knowlton Piper. Owing to breaking a hind leg when just over six months old Piper's career in the show ring was short. He is, however, proving an excellent sire, several of his progeny winning well. Miss Sturt wishes to reduce her stock before the winter, and has a good young blue dog, house-trained and over distemper, for sale, also an eight months bitch, and two other young dogs and some younger puppies.



F.T. CH. BALMUTO JOCK AND F.T. CH. BRYNGARW FLUTE
The property of Lady Howe

Mrs. Leland sends a delightful picture of some schnauzer pups she has for sale. The pups are very well bred, strong and healthy, and should make good ones; they are three months old. Schnauzers are a breed that is coming to the fore very much at present, and there is something very attractive and downright about them. They respond particularly well to obedience training.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



"Marie"

Beauty of line and detail is featured in this Dinner Gown of soft velvet, fur and diamanté. The Short Jacket is the new note for 1931, and gives an important air without being extreme. Black only.

6 Gns.

In W. and Full W. fittings. In colours to special order 10/6 extra.

The black suède Mitten is a new vogue and stocked in all fashionable shades.

Illustrations of other Autumn Fashions on request.


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NATURAL SQUIR-
REL COAT suitable
for day or evening
wear. Made from fine
quality clear grey skins:
48 inches long, with
handsome roll collar and
novelty cuffs. Lined
with grey
embroidered
satin. Price

£88

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INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT ST., W.1.

Next Month.

Lieut.-Commander M. G. Marriott, R.N. (retired), and Miss Kathleen Vereker are being married on November 3, at Christ Church, Down Street; Mr. Nicholas Grimshaw and Miss Marjorie Mary Regan have fixed the 12th for their marriage; Mr. Charles Empson, H.M. Consul Baghdad, is marrying Miss Monica Rosemary Tomlin on the 14th in Canterbury Cathedral; and on the 26th there is the marriage between Mr. G. S. Incledon - Webber and Miss Angela Lacy, which is to be at St. Edmund's Church, Bury St. Edmunds.



MR. AND MRS. A. ERSKINE GIRARD

Who were married early this month in Dublin. Before her marriage Mrs. Girard was Miss Gracie Tyrrell, and is the daughter of Mrs. Tyrrell of 27, Upper Pembroke Street, Dublin

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. V. H. O. HERBERT

Who were married recently at New Galloway. Mr. Valentine H. O. Herbert is the son of Sir Dennis Herbert and Lady Herbert of Clarendon Lodge, Watford, and Calcutta. The bride was formerly Miss Winifred Mabel Pearson, and is the daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Pearson, Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, and of Lady Pearson of Barlay, Balmacellan, Kirkcudbrightshire

Abroad.

On December 6, Mr. Arthur Porter and Miss Nina Hoyer are being married in Paris; the marriage will take place shortly in India between Mr. George Cumming Gray, Royal Horse Artillery, and Miss Betty Stockwell.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. James Waddington, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Waddington of 3B, Mulberry Walk, S.W. 3, and Miss Ruth Pollard, the younger daughter of the late

Inspector-General E. R. H. Pollard, R.N., and Mrs. Pollard of Bedford House, Cirencester; Mr. Hugh Charles Stockwell, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Stockwell of Greystones, Colchester, and Miss Joan Garrard, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Garrard of The Mill House, Bramley, Hants, late Tysoe, Warwickshire; Mr. Philip L. d'Estouteville Skipwith, elder son of the Rev. Gore and Mrs. Skipwith of Oakfield, Mortimer, Berks, and Miss Barbara Phillips, elder daughter of Major A. E. Phillips, D.S.O., M.F.H., and Mrs. Phillips of Mortimer Lodge, Berks.

A Correction.

Regarding the photograph of Miss Margaret Bridges, which we published in our issue of October 7, Mrs. Archdale Porter has requested us to state that the correct insertion should read: "Only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Bridges, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Archdale Porter of

Bellisle, County Fermanagh, Ireland, whose engagement to Mr. Adrian Malcolm Conan Doyle, second son of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and of Lady Conan Doyle, was recently announced."



CAPTAIN AND MRS. O. L. PAGET

Photographed after their wedding at St. John's, Princes Street, Edinburgh, which took place this month. Captain Oswald Leopold Paget is in the Durham Light Infantry, and Mrs. Paget was before her marriage Miss Balfour Paul

BOLS

Crème de
MENTHE



A Liqueur
dedicated to the
DANCE
Greatly enjoyed by
the FAIR sex

A delicate stimulant
to the digestion

Try also: Kümmel, Dry Curaçao, White Curaçao Triple Sec, Cherry Brandy, Silver Top Dry Gin, Maraschino.

Wholesale Agents:

BROWN, GORE & WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

SEE HOW THEY WASH!



All athletes like Wright's. They like its clean, healthy "open-air" smell. They respect it for the good it does them.

Germs simply can't exist where Wright's is used. It is the double purpose soap — does all that soap can do — protects the skin and protects health.

Use it always.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per Tablet.



Only a Cold?

Stop it right away
with **FORMAMINT**,
Wulfing Brand.

Formamint destroys the germs
in mouth and throat, thus re-
lieving Sore Throat and pre-
venting infectious diseases,
such as:

**INFLUENZA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SCARLET FEVER, etc.**

FORMAMINT

WULFING BRAND

Of all Chemists at 2/6 a bottle.

GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough.

ECONOMIZE ON YOUR RIDING OUTFIT

Our charges mean
a big saving

BREECHES from **21/-**

JACKET & BREECHES from **84/-**



We not only guarantee to satisfy you, but
a glance at our charges and inspection of cloths
will prove conclusively that we can **SAVE YOU**
MONEY on your Riding Clothes. Call and see
for yourself, or send for Patterns and compare.
Mention "The Tatler."

**Bedford
Riding Breeches
Co.**

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One Minute's Walk from the Marble Arch.

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SUÈDE COAT

A new idea in a
snug-fitting suède
jacket with an
adaptable collar.

Colours: Cherry,
Brown and Green.
Sizes: S.W. and W.

4½ Gns.



VELVET COAT

Proofed corduroy
velvet golf blouse with
knitted collar and
waistband.

Colours: Nigger,
Mole and Green.
Sizes: S.W. and W.

78/6

For Correct Sports Clothes

Lillywhites

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FOR DECORATION



FOR LIGHTING



FOR GIFTS

This special gift box contains four 14"
"Nell Gwynn" Candles with bases to
match and costs only 5/-. If unobtain-
able locally, send remittance and we
execute post free.

**FIELD'S
"NELL
GWYNN"
Solid Dyed Candles**

FREE: An illustrated "Nell Gwynn"
Candle booklet will be sent post
free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd.,
Dept. W, London, S.E.1. Established 1642
in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 162

The following further sums have been sent to me for Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Old War-Horse Fund, and have been paid into the account which is being kept open at Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants, Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke herself having returned to Cairo where her husband commands the cavalry brigade:

	£	s.	d.
Lady Freake - - - - -	5	0	0
Mrs. Wilfred Holden - - - - -	1	0	0

In a recent letter to "The Daily Express" Mr. J. B. Paget, who is a brother of Mrs. Wilfred Holden, wrote:

I have before me written evidence that our cast Army horses sold out of the service in Egypt are bought by the peasants, and in too many cases are worked to a miserable end with intolerable cruelty. Over £900 has been already raised to buy up these poor old horses and destroy them painlessly. A far bigger sum, of course, is required to complete this work. I would suggest to the Secretary of State for War that cast Army remounts, except in the United Kingdom, should be painlessly destroyed, and not sold to a life of misery in order that the British Government may make a few pounds.

Mr. Paget's suggestion is so eminently sound that I feel sure that it will commend itself to the notice of the Powers That Be. At the end of the Palestine operations I know that some of the yeomanry

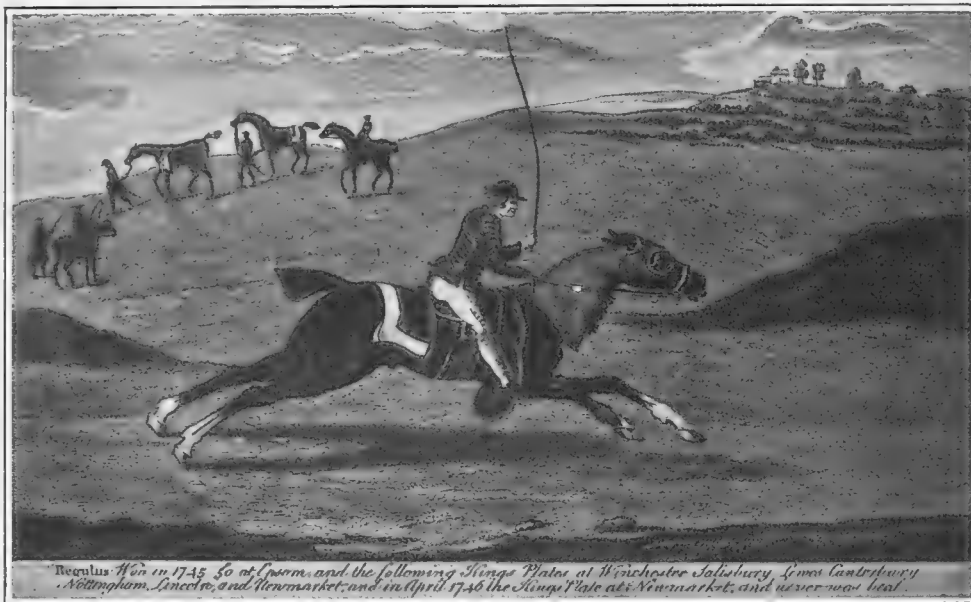
regiments took the necessary precautions against leaving horses which were cast to a fate to which we know a great number have been condemned, and from which this fund was started to save them.

* * *

It is always an invidious task to throw cold water upon any well-meant endeavour, but in defence of the moulds of form and glasses of fashion of that often maligned period, the 'eighties, I think it is absolutely necessary to refute the statements of a most earnest German historian. He says in writing about the outer man of a Most Distinguished Personage who lived in those times:

He was the very model of the well-groomed gentleman of the 'eighties, dressed according to his own sure taste in the broad frock-coat, the fancy waist-coat of his own design, the hand-made tie and the stiff bowler, all of which, down to the very cut of the striped or checked pattern of the trousers and the particular model of the shoes, he had gradually become accustomed to imposing on the gentlemen of England.

I think we are rather lucky in that the "historian" did not add a pair of sand-shoes of the order some people call "smellies." The "Gentlemen of England" never wore frock coats with their bowlers. They left that to the beach photographers, conjurers, and fire-eaters. The Distinguished Personage was never guilty of any of the outrages which are attributed to him.

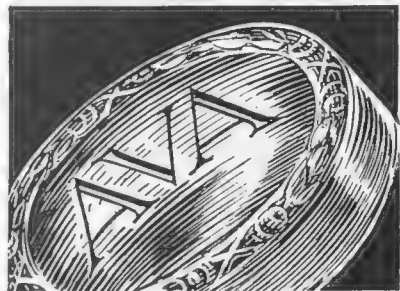


Regulus won in 1745 50 at Epsom, and the following Kings Plates at Winchester Salisbury, Newmarket, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Newmarket; and in April 1746 the Kings Plate at Newmarket; and never was beat.

REGULUS—AN OLD-TIME RACING CRACK

Regulus (commonly called Martindale's Regulus) was bred by Lord Chelworth and got by the Godolphin Arabian, sire of Blank, Cade, etc., and his dam was the noted Grey Robinson, got by the Bald Galloway. At the decease of Lord Chelworth, Regulus was purchased by Mr. Martindale, being at that time a maiden horse, and in 1745 he won (in the name of Sweetlips) a £50 prize at Epsom, carrying 12 st. Regulus won seven Royal Plates and a £50 in one year, and was never beat. He afterwards became a very favourite stallion in the north of Yorkshire and was sire of an uncommon number of celebrated racers, stallions, and brood-mares. The Godolphin Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Darley Arabian are the three big foundations of our bloodstock. There is a life-size picture of the Darley Arabian at Aldby Park, Yorkshire, which is owned by a descendant of the original Darley

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AVA
Eau-de-Cologne
SOAP

Box of 3 Tablets, 2/-

SINGLE 8^d TABLET

Guest Size, 3d.

Oatmeal Soap, 4d. Tablet. White Heather Soap, 6d. Tablet. Eau de Cologne from 1/6 bottle. Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative, 1/-

WATCH the wonderful difference Ava Soap makes to your skin. The ingredients in Ava have been specially treated by ultra-violet rays—and that means it gains amazing efficacy to keep your skin fresh and soft and free from skin defects. Silky smooth and enchantingly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, Ava Soap will also delight you with its economy in use.

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SHOULD
NEVER BE
WITHOUT

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.
Your Chemist stocks them.
In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3.

THE GENERAL(S) ELECTION

Miss Fay Compton

the talented and beautiful young actress, now appearing in "Autumn Crocus" at the Lyric Theatre, writes:—

"AN actress's life is not only walking on to the stage in the most attractive frocks and attractive surroundings. What the public does not think of is weeks of strenuous and nerve-racking rehearsals, often followed up by a part in the preliminary touring company, necessitating journeys from town to town throughout the entire country. In fact, one has always to be in perfect health, which I luckily am, thanks in no small way to Phosferine, the Greatest of all Tonics."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you fill. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Debility
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Weak Digestion
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
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Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.



Photo by Mabel Rovey.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. Also take SANACINE Brand Cough Mixture—the most effective Remedy for Colds and Coughs (a Phosferine Product). Tablets and Liquid. 1/3 and 3/-

Aldwych

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT MADE GLORIOUS SUMMER . . ."

To those of our swallows who are prevented this year from making their Autumnal flight, let us suggest that this detention on their own shores will by no means prove the ordeal it is—not, however, so commonly nowadays—supposed to be.

For one thing, it will not be a social sin to be found in Britain this Autumn and Winter; and those who have consistently advocated Torquay and the English Riviera as the only Winter Resort worth while will at long last come into their own—if they are not done out of it by the exceptionally large number of people booking up at the

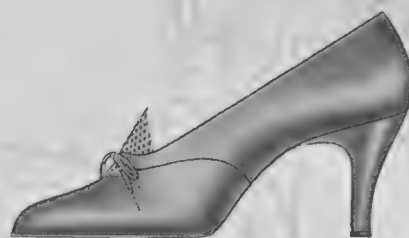
PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

Sun Lounge, Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming, Gymnasium, Dancing, Cinema, Entertainments included in the terms.

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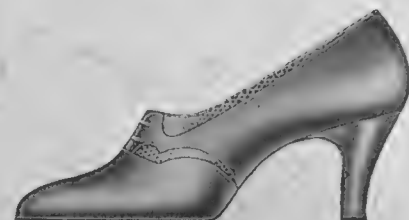
E.4686

Brown glaze kid court shoe with lizard tab. Also in bottle green, navy blue and black. 30/-



C.4669

Blue glaze kid two-eye-let tie shoe, trimmed blue lizard. Also in black glaze kid. 30/-



116-117 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. - 21-23 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1
260/264 REGENT STREET, W.1.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 164

moved to Clifford Street, and at the time the building seemed amply big enough. The growth of the club is a reflection of the growth of flying, and it is to be hoped that, with its new premises, the Aero Club will receive the fullest support.

The D.H. Swallow Moth.

Cheaper flying is the aim of some of the leading designers at the present moment. I have already mentioned the interesting, new Hirth-engined Klemm which Mr. Rogers has been demonstrating at the aerodromes near London. The new Swallow Moth—which is a full-scale experiment and is in no sense a production machine—shows a like trend. It is small, cheap to buy and cheap to run, and it should prove popular. It is a cross between a mid-wing and a low-wing monoplane, and has a new inverted engine, designed by Major Halford, of lower power than the Gipsy I, II, or III, but following the same general lay-out. That is, it is a 4-cylinder, air-cooled, inverted engine. The wings of the Swallow Moth fold, and attention has been paid to ensuring safety in the air and ease and certainty of control.

Captain de Havilland and Captain Broad have done a great deal of flying in this new machine already, but it is likely to be a year at least before it is placed on the market. This is following the usual de Havilland practice of finding out all the troubles and curing them before passing the machine on to the ordinary purchaser.

Night Flying.

Night flying at Heston continues and is fulfilling one of its purposes of stimulating interest in this kind of aviation. Other places are taking up night flying, and gradually the distrust and dislike of the dark are being banished from the mind of the modern air pilot. A similar progress is observable in blind flying. Air Service Training, Limited, led by including blind flying in its ordinary work, and now other schools are following suit.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 170

Mr. Forsyth and Miss Park, after running away in the beginning, only won on the last green from Mr. Hannay and Miss Corlett, but Miss Park ended the match with so glorious a second at the 18th that she must surely have been glad, as the gallery were, that she had been given the opportunity to play it. As for the final, the Scottish pair hung on splendidly; they never looked quite like winners, but they were never a thoroughly beaten pair.

Midlothian were, in consequence, without Miss Doris Park for the Scottish County Finals which were played at Gleneagles Hotel. The holders, Ayrshire, having beaten Aberdeenshire—as Midlothian had done—then proceeded to beat Midlothian by 4 and 3, although Mrs. Watson

put the top match to the easterners' credit by beating Miss McCulloch at the 20th hole, and Mrs. R. H. Wallace Williamson accounted by 6 and 5 for Miss Nan Baird.

Calcot have now joined the ranks of the many clubs who hold successful Open Meetings, and it was splendid to see Miss Gladys Bastin, who used always to be winning matches for England, running-up in Championships and running off with scratch prizes, keeping up her reputation in the last rôle with an 83 for the scratch prize. Mrs. J. H. M. Greenly, also of Calcot, was second with 84, high honours for the home club, as there was an entry of a hundred which included an ex-Open and Irish champion.

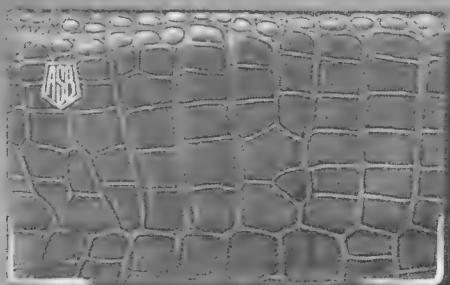
Though the wind blew cold up on the Merrow Downs for the Guildford open meeting for the Surrey Cup, the rain kept away, and the autumn leaves in the distance were quite enchanting.

The Challenge Cup itself went to Miss Ross of Guildford with an excellent 86—9=77, with Miss Julia Hill and Mrs. R. O. Porter hard on her heels with 78 and 79 net respectively. These two tied for the scratch prize with 82, Mrs. Porter winning the tie. Four-somes went to Miss Jean Hamilton and Miss Whitlock, who tied with Miss Julia Hill and Mrs. S. V. Hicks at four down.



WITH THE SOUTH OXFORD DRAG

The South Oxfordshire Farmers' Drag is the very thing for anyone who wants all the sensation of the "chasse" without the uncertainty of the fox, for they meet at 2 p.m. on Saturdays, and are only 1½ hours by road from London. The country over which their lines are is round about Henley, Sonning, Reading, Bracknell, etc. The Masters are Mr. G. P. Male and Major E. H. Riches, and they have got eighteen couple of hounds



Polished Crocodile Pochette, lined Silk, Silver Gilt Corners, fitted Double Inner Division . . . Length ins. £4 10 0
Silver Gilt Initials 14 6 extra

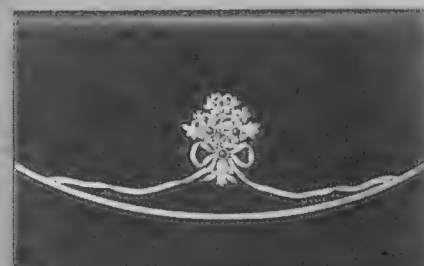
BY APPOINTMENT



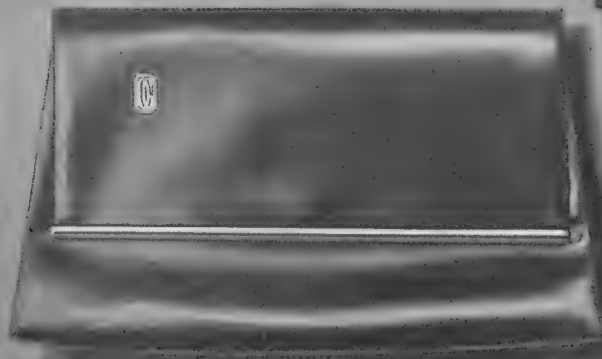
TO H.M. THE KING



Pebble Grain Calf Bag, lined Moiré Antique, fitted inner division. Length 7 ins. £3.15.0
Length 8½ ins. - £4.0.0
Silver Gilt Initials, 9/6 extra.



Antelope Pochette with marcasite mount set with real stones fitted Purse and Mirror £15 10 0



Polished Calf Pochette, lined Silk. Silver Gilt Mount . . . Length 8½ ins. £3 10 0
In Polished Crocodile . . . £8 0 0
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HANDBAGS
of current style

The array of fine bags at the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company makes the choice of a new handbag a simple and very pleasing task. And so many people have discovered this, that the Company is in a particularly good position to keep its stock abreast of—and even slightly ahead of—current handbag vogues. *Illustrated Catalogues gladly sent on request.*

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COURTAULDS'

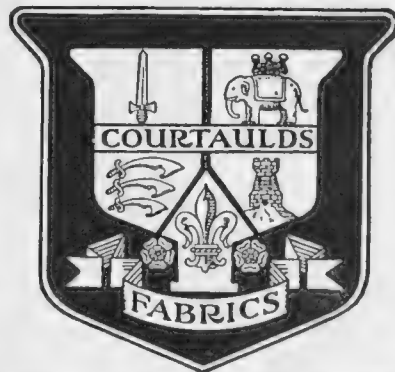
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LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY & SATISFACTORY SERVICE

FINE clothes are a source of great pleasure when their graces are founded on COURTAULDS' DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. Those almost indefinable hues prove quite constant; those textures that look too filmy to be practical bring a glad surprise. Choosing among the large range of COURTAULDS' FABRICS now ready at the shops, you choose with justice to yourself because the value and service are firmly secured through COURTAULDS' guarantee. Furthermore, they are British in manufacture.

SOLD BY LEADING DRAPERS AND STORES.

If any difficulty in obtaining COURTAULDS' DRESS and LINGERIE FABRICS, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. F.60), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1



Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 166

better cars that we do not have to worry about importation. But, to come back to the "sporting saloons," I would ask where are they? Well as we are doing, we cannot afford to neglect this very useful, though small, section of the market. I would not say there is a big, but I will assert there is a sound, business to be done, with a four-door, six-light, sliding-roof job that looks a little bit "naughty."

Head Room.

For many years now I have been a movable sign-post at Olympia. "Meet me at Aston" is an expression that has become a by-word.

Now and again some Carnera comes along who makes me feel like a dwarf, and generally I envy him because he is in the pay of a petrol company. And sometimes there is a man so tall that I feel terribly sorry for him. For even I have my trials. They use me as a head-room measurer. I would not demean myself by telling you the names of the men who have said to me this week, "Just get into the back of this saloon, etc. etc." Time and again I have searched round for the cigars or the souvenirs, but none were there. But what impressed me particularly was that this scalp-bumping did not come from such cars as the 10-h.p. Hillman, the Singer Junior, the Little Standard, *et hoc genus omne*. There was a £2,000 coupé into which I climbed, and it gave me so much trouble to get out of it that I nearly fainted with the exertion. And next door there was quite a tiny little tit at one-tenth (or less) of the price that had certainly twice the accommodation. Three full days I was available for "head-room testing," and for every hour of them I was fully exploited. I should say that there are two classes of car builders who, in this direction, know their job. One is the really big man, who makes the finest possible thing. The other is the creator of this new and most excellent cheap "family" car.



AT THE MOTOR BALL AND CARNIVAL: MR. W. G. ROOTES AND MR. G. S. BLATT

The Motor Ball and Carnival, at which all the celebrities of the motoring world forgathered, was under the patronage of Prince Arthur of Connaught and was held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Mr. Rootes' name is one with which to conjure in motordom, and Mr. Blatt is in charge of the European export department of Packard cars

Motor Notes and News

There is no excuse for pessimism in the motor trade of to-day; in fact the position is better and the outlook brighter than for many years past. An example is found in a statement just issued by the Singer Company, which compares their activities in the autumn of 1930 with those of the present year. Car sales for September, 1931, they affirm, show an increase of 120 per cent. on the sales for the same month last year; they are paying an enormously increased wage bill and employing nearly a thousand more hands, the number still rapidly increasing, while during the first week in October sales figures show an increase of 125 per cent. over those for the corresponding week of 1930. The conclusion is obvious.

There is a healthy demand for cars. This means that large sums of money are being spent, to the ultimate advantage of the community, through the stimulation of production and employment. With a leading industry in so sound a position there is no justification for pessimism.

Compared with last year, high-grade luxury cars show a heavier reduction in price than any other models at the Show. A Pullman limousine on the Rolls-Royce 20-25-h.p. chassis this year costs nearly £600 less than it did twelve months ago—a reduction of 27 per cent. The chassis price has been reduced by only £135, but thanks to closer co-operation between the coach-builders and the Rolls-Royce Company, bodies are now being built in batches, with a substantial reduction in costs without any loss of quality. As a result of this policy, a 20-25-h.p. Pullman limousine is exhibited this year at only £1,560 as compared with the £2,141 charged for a similar model at last year's Show. The Continental touring saloon on the 40-50-h.p. Phantom II is nearly £400 cheaper than the Sedanica shown last year. The saving is partly due to a less expensive type of body, but is in the main due to improved works methods.



Present conditions tempt many a man to buy a cheaper oil. But economy is best judged by results. To save a few pence on a gallon of "oil" is not economic; the resulting breakdowns and repair bills may cost more pounds than the pence "saved" on oil. And remember, the better the oil, the longer it lasts. So Castrol is cheaper-per-mile, than the cheaper-per-gallon oil.

WAKEFIELD**CASTROL***Quality is the Best Policy*

Upper Cylinder Lubrication is a further economy—a pennyworth of Castrollo treats two gallons of fuel

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., All-British Firm, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



Half Panel Saloon

puts the need for the high-powered, high-priced car, you have always thought essential, "out of court"—

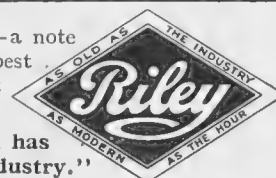
Because—it will do with ease all that you have done before on that more expensive vehicle.

Because—its individualistic design gives it the distinguished appearance to which you have become accustomed.

Because—it will equally promote that pride of possession which has always been the principal reason for your ownership of that costlier car.

In a word, it has struck an entirely new note in Motoring—a note particularly appropriate to-day, when economy will be best served by reliability and a capacity for long and consistent service combined with minimum running and upkeep costs.

And remember, it carries this well-known mark and has behind it a manufacturing experience "as old as the Industry."



Catalogue is now ready—ask for it and demonstration—also for copy of "THE RILEY RECORD"—our monthly magazine

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED
COVENTRY
AND 42, NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1.



The Alpine Six Half Panel Saloon
(delivered Coventry)—Dunlop
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

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The annual festival dinner of the British Sailors' Society will be held at the Guildhall, London, on December 1. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to preside. The excellent work of this Society is well known. The appalling distress among sea-farers is unprecedented, and the Society is doing all it can to relieve many of the 45,000 officers and men and their dependants who are willing to work, but can find no employment as the result of 2,000,000 tons of British shipping lying idle in the ports. During the past year the Society was able to give help in over 37,000 cases of distress, in addition to supplying 55,636 free meals and 19,472 free beds. Situations were also found for 2,326 men and boys. The need of the Society for financial help is very urgent, and all donations will be faithfully applied. All gifts should be sent to Colonel Sir Frederick D. Green, C.C., British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, E.14.

An ever-changeable programme, with something for all tastes to enliven the long, dark evenings, is provided by the



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Dorien Leigh

A well-known figure in London's social, artistic, and musical world, and the wife of the National Conservative candidate for Maidstone. Mrs. Bossom bought Epstein's much discussed "Genesis," and her house in Carlton Gardens contains several other examples of his work, with one of which she is seen here

October output of "His Master's Voice" records. The best of music, perfectly preserved for your fireside enchantment, awaits you at prices which enable every gramophone owner to replenish his collection. To begin with there is Dvorak's popular Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, rendered by that superb assembly of artists, the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Stokowski. Our own London Symphony Orchestra gives a magnificent performance of Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," the best known of this composer's symphonic poems and based on the love story in Dante's *Inferno*. The playing is inspired by the baton of Albert Coates, one of the leading authorities on the Russian school. Another gem is provided by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in "Pique Dame" sparkling with the gaiety of Suppé. There is no combination more suited to give us the waltzes of the Strauss' than Marek Weber and his Orchestra and real soothers after the day's toil are found on C 2198, a fantasia on melodies of Johann Strauss, and DB 1543, a luscious fragment from *Der Rosenkavalier*. From *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, the musical play, several tit-bits have been chosen. Marek Weber's band makes us joyful with their glowing reading of the Selection. Jack Hilton culls waltzes and fox trots, and Raie da Costa reveals what the piano can do with "Following the Drum." Alfred Rode, who this year sprang into fame and with his Tzigane Orchestra appeared at the Royal Variety Show, will add to his laurels with "Hungarian Melodies" and "Czardas." He searched remote corners of the Continent to form his company of roving musicians of seven nations, men who do not read music, but make it under the galvanic guidance of the Argentine leader, a veritable firework of a virtuoso. Under the drilling of Rode, a born controller and described as the fastest fiddler in the world, these nomads, real gypsies from the back of beyond, display superb team and individual work, and their records are creations to marvel at. Of the vocal items one must not miss Bockelmann's magnificent singing of the Cobbling Song from the second act of the world's greatest musical comedy, *Die Meistersingers*.

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Racing Ragout—continued from p. vi

the 3.30. After listening to a recital of birthday wishes (interlarded with tunes for twins) to upwards of a hundred children, the announcer turns to "sport," which consists of an interminable list of home and away football matches between obscure clubs such as the Villa Saturdays v. the Quorn Fridays, before he turns to racing. The horse was second, backed each way, but the price is not given, and to put the hat on it, his mood, so beneficent at 9.15 after a couple of glasses of '96, is turned to berserk fury by 9.40 after twenty minutes of contradictions, which he cannot heckle, by his pet political aversion. This method of speaking is, however, quite invaluable. Every side of the question can be put without interruption before everyone who can decide for themselves, instead of a man's views being shouted down by those who rightly or wrongly don't like them, or even employ a cascade of "Windsors" as at the Moseberg party meeting. Whatever the result of the election may be, let us hope, with a hope that has thrown out curbs from eternally springing, that we shall be on the top of the wave by next Cambridgeshire.

To revert to racing; the betting on the Cambridgeshire has been very light, the shortening of the favourites being due largely to covering money over double events. I am told that Lovelace, out of that charming mare Strailace, is very much fancied in France and if Eclipse form is any criterion, the reason is not far to seek, though stamina seems to be the doubt. St. Oswald has not the beating of Links Tor on the book; Lord Bill may elect, should there be any false starts, to stand still and watch the others; and Manton, being in such form, they will probably win it with Disarmament as the best outsider. Royal Athlone or Philæ should win the Free Handicap. The latter is enormously improved and the book doesn't give him credit for his capabilities.

In the general change round in jockeys, it is understood that Carslake will ride for Dick Dawson. Probably the best jockey riding to-day he has already credited Whatcombe with a classic, and this possibly helped Mr. Dawson in his decision.

The jumping season proper opened at Sandown, though small meetings in the South and West go on almost all through the summer, and the class at these gets hotter and hotter. It was at one of these small meetings, not so long ago, that a new gate-keeper was installed who, knowing no one and suspicious to a degree, almost prevented the race-course officials and jockeys entering. A crowd of the "boys," who do not seem to frequent "the flat" so much as formerly, were nonplussed as to how to get in now that there was a new custodian, till one went up and remarking "starter," proceeded to walk in. "But I've just admitted the starter," replied the janitor. "Ah, very likely, but I'm starting the second race," retorted the *chevalier d'industrie*, walking on unchallenged. There is a lot of quiet fun to be had at the small meetings, many of which look like closing down for lack of support, and the vile weather that jumping fixtures are held in, more's the pity.

At Sandown last week the big noise was the 3 mile 125 yards Cholmondeley Handicap Chase, in which they backed that brilliant horse, Gib, down to 6 to 4 in spite of the 12 st. 8 lb., and his eventual conqueror, Drintyre. One of those good sons of Drinmore, was as far behind as "sixes." It was a good race, and in the end weight told its almost inevitable tale. Gib, like Easter Hero, prefers to be allowed to run his own race—in front!



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The dogs he had entered, left to right, are: "Clover of Kirtle," "Moonflower Piedmont," and "Myrtle of Kirtle." The trials were held at Aston Abbots, near Aylesbury. Sir Edward Johnson-Ferguson is the second baronet, and one of his seats, Luckington, is in Wilt.



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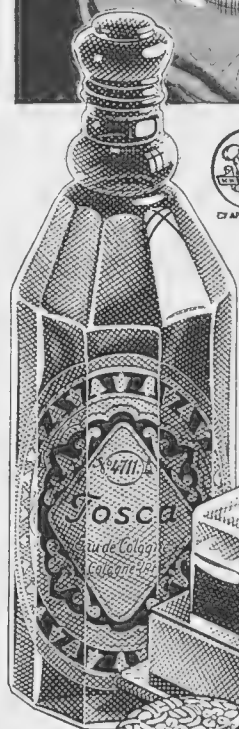
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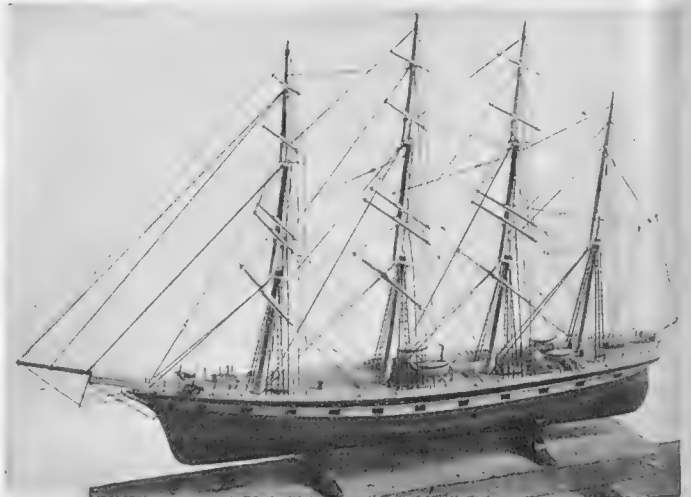


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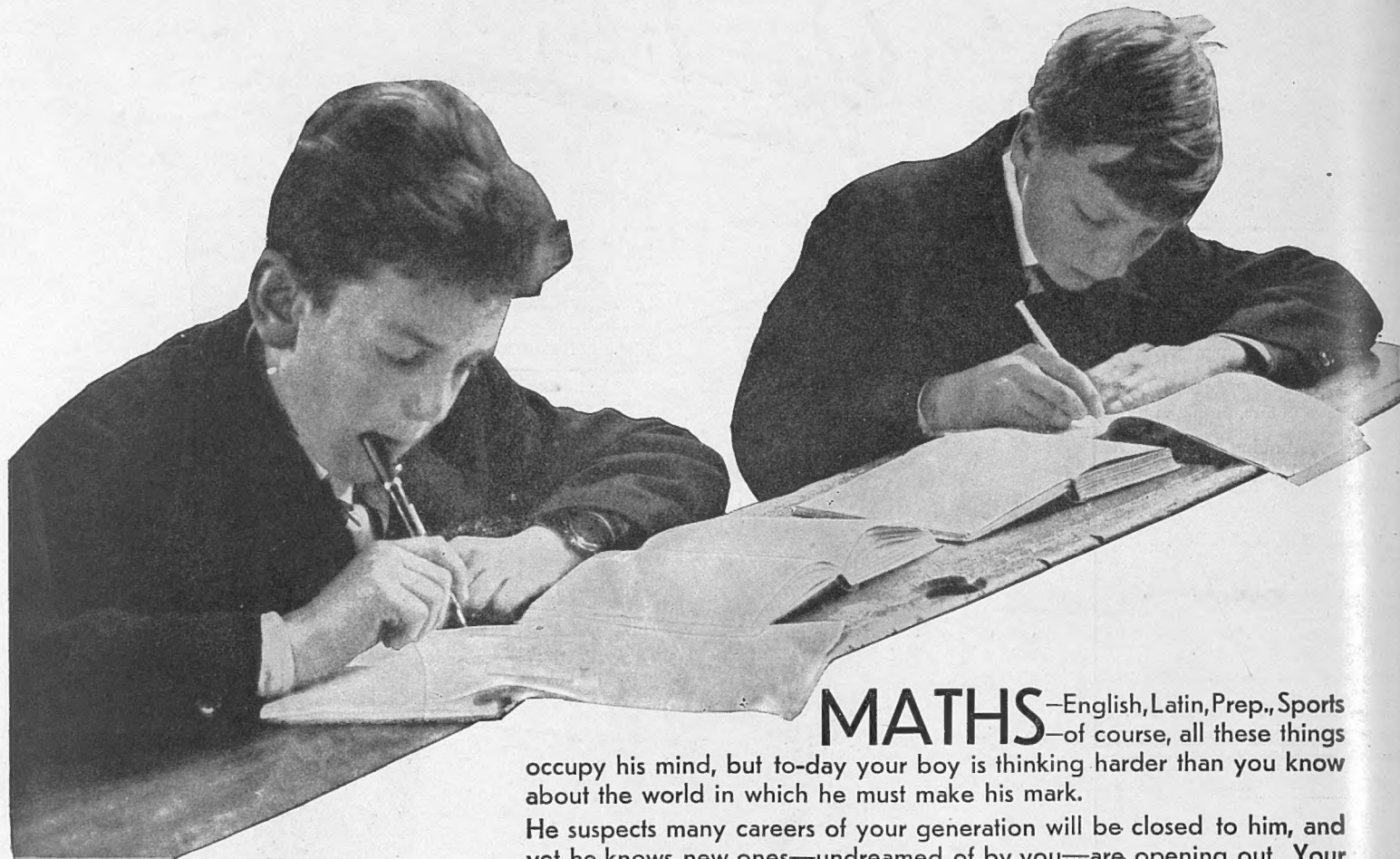
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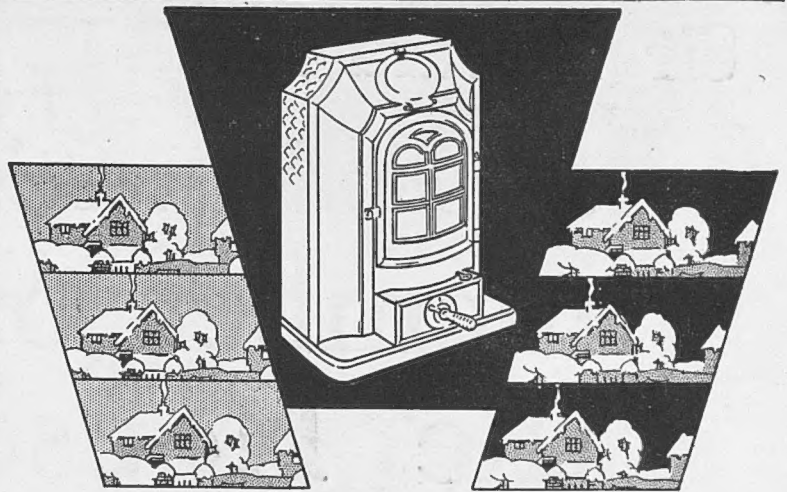
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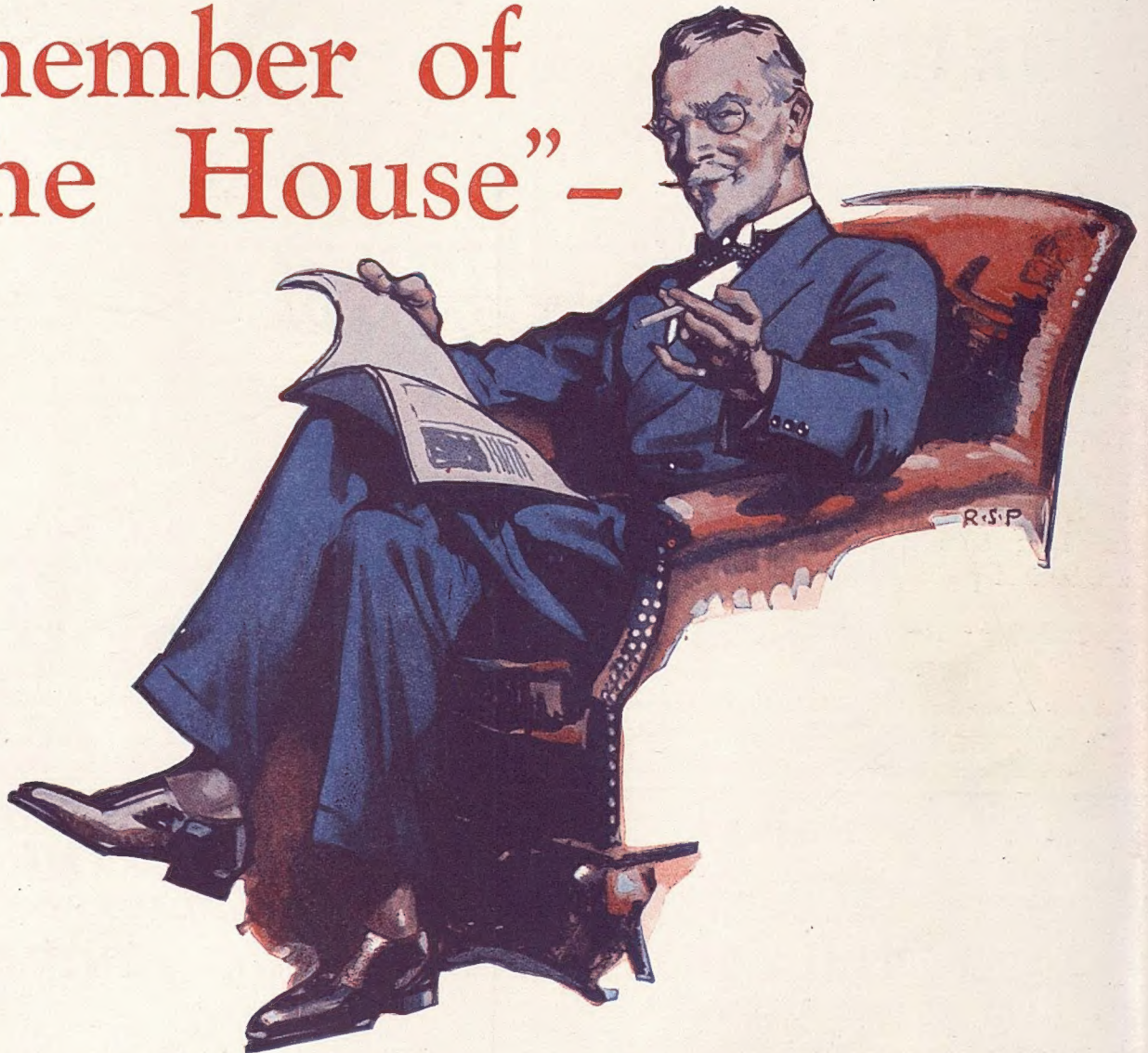
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